

DOCTOR WHO PAPER CUTS

A Sixth Doctor story by **Marc Platt**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE DOCTOR: Colin Baker

MILA/CHARLEY: India Fisher

PRINCE / THE RED EMPEROR IN HIS YOUTH: Anthony Glennon

Heir to the Draconian throne. Resents his father and thirsts for power. / The Prince's father, in younger days. A ruler of great wisdom and bravery - albeit a bit wilful.

TOMBKEEPER (QUEEN MOTHER): Sara Crowe

The late Emperor's Consort. A scheming, powerful older woman. She disguises herself as the TOMBKEEPER. The dragon mask she wears in this role disguises her voice, so that not even her own son recognizes her.

GOMORI / STEWARD: Paul Thornley

(Gom-or-i) A good-hearted but poor Draconian fisher-catcher (or so he says). / The Red Emperor's Steward.

SOLDIER: John Banks

A masterless Draconian Soldier of Fortune.

PREFECT / THE DEATHLESS RED EMPEROR: Nicholas Briggs

The Draconian Prefect of the Satengi Province. / The Red Emperor, suspended near death, impossibly old, but still canny.

DEATHLESS EMPERORS: Members of the cast

Various imperial voices from beyond the grave.

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PART ONE

0. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM.

(RECAP FROM **PATIENT ZERO**)

A THUD OF THE TARDIS'S ENGINES. THEN THEY WHOOSH INTO ACTION.

MILA/CHARLEY:

[OVER THE DIN] Is that it?!? Are we going to make it?

DOCTOR:

We're caught in a temporal shockwave!

A MASSIVE EXPLOSIVE JOLT.

And it may yet destroy us!

(CONTINUES...)

ANOTHER, BIGGER EXPLOSION. IT SNAPS INTO REVERSE, STOPS, THEN DISPERSES INTO A CACOPHONY OF TINKLING SHARDS. LIKE A BILLION PIECES OF BROKEN GLASS FALLING. THE IMPRESSION SHOULD BE OF THE SLOW MOTION SHATTERING OF TIME.

THEIR VOICES ARE ECHOING WILDLY ALL OVER THE STEREO FIELD.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor! Have the Daleks succeeded?

DOCTOR:

What? No! Never! (HIS VOICE TRAILS OFF, SEEMINGLY ENDLESSLY 'NEVER-NEVER-NEVER' ETC AND UNDER...)

MILA/CHARLEY:

But the TARDIS... it's shattering... billions of tiny pieces... turning to... dust? And you... Oh... look at you.

DOCTOR:

What about me?

MILA/CHARLEY:

There are shadows... stretched out behind you. Other faces. (TO HERSELF) Faces I recognize.

DOCTOR:

What? What did you say?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Are we dead? Is this it?

DOCTOR:

No. No it isn't. (PLEASED WITH HIMSELF) In fact, it's the complete opposite.

MILA/CHARLEY:

What... life? I don't get it.

DOCTOR:

It's *good luck*, Charley. The best luck we could have ever had.

IN A SHUDDERING 'WHAM' OF ENERGY AND A GROAN OF THE TARDIS ENGINES, THE TARDIS REFORMS ITSELF. THE TINKLING SHARDS RAPIDLY REVERSING ALL AT ONCE. ALL SOUNDS BACK TO NORMAL.

HOLD ON GENTLE HUM OF THE CONTROL ROOM.

MILA/CHARLEY:

I know you're dying to tell me.

DOCTOR:

It was good luck that I'd set the TARDIS in regenerative mode. The temporal explosion the Daleks created *did* blow us apart. (CAUGHT IN THE WONDER OF IT) We were fragmented throughout the infinity of time. For a moment.

MILA/CHARLEY:

And that's when I saw... (TRAILS OFF)

DOCTOR:

Yes, what *did* you see?

MILA/CHARLEY:

There were six of you. But... different.

DOCTOR:

How fascinating. Frock coats, checked trousers, velvet jacket, long scarf, cricket gear and me? That sort of thing?

MILA/CHARLEY:

(FEIGNING INGORANCE) Er... well... Yes.

DOCTOR:

(AMUSED) Must've been a side-effect of the temporal shattering. Luckily, as every particle of energy was pulled apart by the explosion, the TARDIS was able to simultaneously regenerate every molecular link. (PATS THE CONSOLE) What a clever old girl you are, eh?

MILA/CHARLEY:

So... everything's all right now?

DOCTOR:

Well... we are. But I'm afraid that temporal explosion meant the Daleks did succeed in releasing those viruses.

MILA/CHARLEY

(DISAPPOINTED) So they... they won? They really beat you this time?

DOCTOR:

They put themselves back to square one as far as those viruses are concerned. It means that they'll still be able to find them, drifting around the cosmos, and use them to experiment on that poor Patient Zero, whoever he or she is, was or will be.

MILA/CHARLEY:

(SURELY) But you'll stop them.

DOCTOR:

I'm flattered by your confidence in me, Charlotte. But I'm afraid it's never easy to predict the future. Although the Daleks and I do seem fated to cross paths. (A DEEP SIGH. HE'S LOST IN THOUGHT. SNAPS OUT OF IT.) So... what did you think of the past versions of me you caught a glimpse of?

MILA/CHARLEY:

(FEIGNING IGNORENCE AGAIN) Past... versions?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes... I've had... well, a number of different lives... That's how it feels sometimes. Although, it's all just one big life really.

MILA/CHARLEY:

(STILL FEIGNING IGNORANCE) Is it? Er... what's that like?

DOCTOR:

(AS IF CONSIDERING IT FOR THE FIRST TIME) Well, mostly... yes, I think it's been fun. Hmm... yes.

MILA/CHARLEY:

You don't... seem sure.

DOCTOR:

Hm? Oh, I was just thinking...

MILA/CHARLEY:

Thinking what?

DOCTOR:

Well, that there are times when living such a long life means past events come back to haunt you. To bite you. But it doesn't happen that often. By and large.

MILA/CHARLEY:

By and large? What does that mean?

DOCTOR:

(IGNORING HER) Now then, young lady. How precisely are we going to go about finding out who you really are?

CRASH IN OPENING THEME.

1. INT. THRONE ROOM AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE, DRACONIA
(60 YEARS AGO)

(FX: A STAFF BEATS THE FLOOR THREE TIMES.)

STEWARD

Hear now the words of the Emperor.

(FX: GONG SOUNDS)

RED EMPEROR

At this time, in the sixty eighth year of the Serpent, the world faces its greatest threat. Plague ravages the Empire of a hundred rising suns. As darkness approaches, Draconia must stand alone or perish.

From this hour, no ship may leave the world. All contact with other planets, including all Imperial domains, is forbidden on pain of death[□]c.

2. INT. EMPEROR'S APARTMENTS

(FX: SPEECH FROM PREVIOUS SCENE CONTINUES, BUT FROM A TINNY TV MONITOR, WHILE THE EMPEROR AND [SILENT] DOCTOR WATCH)

RED EMPEROR

(ON TV) □ ...Approaching vessels will be deemed infected and shot down. (CONTINUES UNDER SPEECH) *All incidents of contagion will be stamped out. No mercy will be shown. Draconia lies bleeding, but the wounds will mend. Lean times will lead to a rebirth and a new spring for our broken world.*

STEWARD

The Emperor has spoken.

(FX: GONG)

RED EMPEROR

(LIVE. OVER TV) Red Warrior Captain to Fortress Gate 3. A blocking move, for all the good it will do me.

(FX: BLIP. TINY LITTLE FIGURES MARCHING)

RED EMPEROR

Oh, don't look so shocked, Doctor. The measures are cruel but apposite, and you were right to suggest them. It is our only hope of survival.

From henceforth, our thousand years Empire is ended, and Draconia is our prison.

So of course, the Priests must have someone to blame. Did you ever hear so deafening a silence?

(BEAT)

Well, go on Doctor. You can win in one move... or you can concede defeat to your poor ruined Emperor. Do your worst. Your life is still at my command.

MUSIC: TIME PASSES.

3. EXT. A PONDBANK. SATENGI PROVINCE. DRACONIA

(FX: WATER RIPPLES. BIRDS SING.)

□ GOMORI □, A GOOD-HEARTED, BUT POOR DRACONIAN FISHER-CATCHER, TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND PLUNGES INTO THE WATER. IMMEDIATELY THE UNDERWATER WORLD CLOSSES IN)

GOMORI

(HIS THOUGHTS) Oh, no! Not again. Where's all my fish gone? Where are they? They can't have emptied the whole pond out!

PREFECT

(MUFFLED, FROM THE BANK) You!

GOMORI

Now what?

(FX: GOMORI BREAKS SURFACE. THE WORLD OPENS OUT. GOMORI GASPS, SHAKING THE WATER OUT OF HIS HEAD. A DRACONIAN HORSE WHINNIES - DEEPER THAN AN EARTH HORSE. SEVERAL SETS OF HORSE HOOVES THUD ON THE GRASS.)

PREFECT

You there!

GOMORI

(WARY) Good morning □, my lord.

PREFECT

Gomori the fisher-catcher?

GOMORI

What me? Why? Who wants to know □...? Please, my lord, stand clear. The fish get scared. It puts them off their spawning.

(FX: HIS HORSE THUDS NEARER.)

PREFECT

Gomori, son of Gomori, by decree of the Emperor, you are summoned.

GOMORI

Me? No, look, my lord. (LAUGHS) Gomori □'s not here. Gomori the fisher-catcher - he □'s in the next village downstream.

PREFECT

This one stinks enough. Bring him!

GOMORI

(BACKING AWAY INTO THE WATER) Or Gomori the skypilot - the one who moved to the paper city.

(FX: BUT THE HORSE SPLASHES IN AFTER HIM.)

GOMORI

No! You've got the wrong one! I've got a family, and more eggs on the way!

(FX: THE SOLDIER GRABS HIM. GOMORI YELLS AND STRUGGLES. THE HORSE PROTESTS. WATER SPLASHES)

GOMORI

Get off me!

PREFECT

This day, the Emperor journeys to Heaven - and you, lowest of the low, go with him.

GOMORI

(HE SPITS) A plague on all you nobles and your honourable ways!

(FX: A GUARD OOFS A FIST INTO HIM)

GOMORI

(WINDED) Ugh!

PREFECT

Bring the peasant! The Emperor is waiting.

(FX: THE HORSES GALLOP AWAY INTO THE SUNRISE.)

4. EMPEROR'S BEDCHAMBER.

(FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN VERY SLOWLY TO ADMIT THE PRINCE)

PRINCE

(TO HIMSELF - UTTER CONTEMPT) There you lie, father. Dead to the world... or you soon will be. And how Draconia will grieve at your passing - all of us who grovel in the dust at your Imperial feet. I've waited too long while you drag and stretch the scrag-end of your life over my ambition. So let's savour this moment. The hot blade slicing into your cold, hard heart as I win my birthright at last. Fare you well, father... 'mighty' Emperor...

QUEEN MOTHER

You little fool.

PRINCE

(GASPS) Ha! (SOTTO) Mother! I didn't see you there.

QUEEN MOTHER

Obviously. Prowling round the Emperor's apartments at this time of night.

PRINCE

I was passing.

QUEEN MOTHER

The wine lodge is in the other direction.

PRINCE

Shush, shush, quiet. You'll wake the old devil.

QUEEN MOTHER

Or did you have some other plan?

PRINCE

What?

QUEEN MOTHER

Poison? Or a well-placed pillow?

PRINCE

Mother, I'm insulted. How could you even imagine...?

QUEEN MOTHER

You're concealing a knife! Oh, typical... a knife. Whatever happened to subtlety? You're not skinning the kill after a hunt?

PRINCE

Be quiet!

QUEEN MOTHER

Every death, even an Imperial murder, needs the correct ritual. Besides which, mercifully, you're too late.

PRINCE

What?

QUEEN MOTHER

The Embalmer's been busy all day.

PRINCE

The Embalmer? (A SUDDEN HOPE) No... You don't mean father's dead already?

QUEEN MOTHER

Don't let the Priests see that face! Or the Nobles. You're in mourning as befits an honourable Prince.

PRINCE

(LAUGHING) Oh, yes. I shall wrap myself in such clouds of despair that the very sky shall weep. Are you finally dead, you old tyrant!

QUEEN MOTHER

Don't touch him! No Emperor 'dies'. He passes from our world, but still reigns on in Imperial Heaven.

PRINCE

So they say. How did he go? (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Oh, mother? It wasn't you?!!

QUEEN MOTHER

Be warned, my son. There are secrets that an Emperor only learns when he ascends the throne. By which time, there is no escape.

PRINCE

But he's dead. So I am Emperor? Tell me now.

QUEEN MOTHER

Just wait.

PRINCE

Wait? Mother, I'm not like you. I can't sit here like a snake in the dark.

QUEEN MOTHER

More□'s the pity.

PRINCE

I shall restore the great Empire that he lost!

QUEEN MOTHER

My son, you may be the first-hatched of the Imperial brood - I made sure of that - but your father laid his own plans long before his dotage set in.

PRINCE

(UNNERVED) What plans? What□'s he done?

QUEEN MOTHER

There may be an impediment to your succession.

PRINCE

No□! What□'s he done? You have to stop it.

QUEEN MOTHER

Me? My poor son, when the Emperor passes on, his □'devoted consort□' accompanies him to Imperial Heaven with the rest of his possessions.

PRINCE

Mother?

QUEEN MOTHER

And who will protect you now?

5. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: USUAL TARDIS HUM. MILA/CHARLEY AT THE CONSOLE, BLIPPING HER WAY THROUGH FILES. BLIP. BLIP. BLIP. THE DOCTOR ENTERS.)

DOCTOR:

Right, I thought we might try Earth, first. Not sure what period, but... Er, what are you doing?

(BLIP. BLIP. BLIP.)

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor? Have you seen these?

(FX: BLIP, BLIP.)

DOCTOR

Um. I'm not sure I gave you permission to interfere with the console. After that temporal explosion, it might be-

MILA/CHARLEY

Some of these files go back years, possibly hundreds of years.

THE DOCTOR SIGHS.

DOCTOR

Let me see. (FX: BLIP, BLIP) Hmm... Oh, yes.

MILA/CHARLEY

Are any of them important?

(FX: BLIP)

DOCTOR

No. Hardly worth worrying about.

(FX: BLIP)

MILA/CHARLEY

The TARDIS's in-tray currently holds thirty one thousand, six hundred and eighty four unanswered messages.

DOCTOR

How did you- ? What do you want me to do, employ a secretary?

MILA/CHARLEY

Only trying to help.

(FX: BLIP)

DOCTOR

There is a subtle line between efficiency and plain nosiness.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry. I didn't open them. Well, only a few.

DOCTOR

The superstrings of the Universe are always humming with information and pressing correspondence - most of it irrelevant spam; a lot of it *private*.

MILA/CHARLEY

I thought it might be urgent.

DOCTOR

Charley[□] -

MILA/CHARLEY

(RATHER TOO QUICKLY) Yes?

DOCTOR

- when you're a traveller on the temporal highways and byways of the Omniverse, being late is never an issue. I can be as late as I like[□] -

MILA/CHARLEY

□-- and still be early?

DOCTOR

Exactly. Lateness, like all time, is relative. And urgency becomes a thing of the past.

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY BLIPS AGAIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

What about this one?

DOCTOR

What one?

MILA/CHARLEY

Here. From the Imperial Court of Draconia. A summons.

DOCTOR

May I see? Thank you.

(FX: BLIP)

DOCTOR

Ah, yes[□] -

MILA/CHARLEY

It is important, isn't it? It's been in your in-tray for nearly a hundred and fifty years.

DOCTOR

Hardly pressing... but perhaps a response, sooner rather than later, would be in order.

MILA/CHARLEY

So what does it say?

DOCTOR

No details to speak of - just a summons endorsed by the seal of the Fifteenth Emperor, the Red Emperor himself in the Eightieth Year of the Blood, and some co-ordinates - (BLIPS DIFFERENT BUTTONS. PING.) - which aren't actually on the surface of Draconia at all. That's odd.

MILA/CHARLEY

So we're not going.

DOCTOR

Not going? (CLICKING SWITCHES. SETTING COURSE) Of course we're going. I can hardly refuse, can I?

MILA/CHARLEY:

Can't you? Why not?

DOCTOR:

Because I, Charlotte, am an honourable noble of Draconia.

6. EMPEROR'S TOMB. ANTECHAMBER

THE PRINCE WAITS ALONE.

THE SHRINE WALLS ARE PAPER SCREENS, SO THERE'S NO RESONANCE.

PRINCE

How much longer? They must be ready by now?

(FX: A SCREEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN. A DEEP GONG. THE TOMBKEEPER ENTERS (HER CEREMONIAL HELMET TREATS HER VOICE, DISGUIISING THE FACT THAT SHE IS THE QUEEN MOTHER IN HER SECRET MULTI-TASKING ROLE AS A LEADER OF THE DRACONIAN PRIESTS))

TOMBKEEPER

Highness...

PRINCE

Well? Why the delay, *honourable* priest?

TOMBKEEPER

The rituals of the shrine must be observed. The late Emperor is being lodged on his celestial throne.

PRINCE

And then?

TOMBKEEPER

At noon on the world, your vigil at the shrine will begin. Three days of contemplation.

PRINCE

Kneeling on a marble floor? At least get me a cushion. Do you want me walking with a stick before I'm even enthroned? And Where's the Queen Mother? She's supposed to be in attendance. Send for her now.

TOMBKEEPER

She has -- other duties.

PRINCE

I demand to see her! And where's Agawa, my bodyguard? A Prince cannot be left alone.

TOMBKEEPER

You will be joined by three other vigilants chosen by your father.

PRINCE

What? What vigilants?

TOMBKEEPER

To oversee the accession of the next Emperor.

PRINCE

My accession! Who are these people? Some crew of penitent prayer-mumblers?

TOMBKEEPER

The ancient ceremonies are intractable. There is beauty in their mystery.

PRINCE

I want to know, Priest! These vigilants, are they my rivals for the throne?

TOMBKEEPER

Who can say, Highness? The Emperor's decree is most mysterious of all.

7. EMPEROR'S TOMB - CORRIDOR

(FX: THE TARDIS VWORPS IN.)

8. TARDIS CORRIDOR OUTSIDE WARDROBE

(FX: THE DOCTOR APPROACHES AND KNOCKS AT THE WARDROBE DOOR)

DOCTOR

Charley? We've arrived. Are you still in there?

MILA/CHARLEY

(INSIDE) Just a minute!

DOCTOR

Well, don't be all day. And nothing elaborate either.
(BEAT) Draconian culture is very formal. Austerely elegant to the point of minimalist. Masked priests, ferocious warriors. The contemplation of a single white blossom. That sort of thing.

BEAT.

(FX: KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AGAIN)

DOCTOR

Come on. What are you doing in there?

MILA/CHARLEY

(THROUGH DOOR) You said we weren't going to Draconia.

DOCTOR

Maybe not.

MILA/CHARLEY

(THROUGH DOOR) Make your mind up.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR

I once played Sazou - that's a sort of Draconian chess - against the 15th Emperor. I'm the only person to have ever beaten him - which was a bad move, because no-one beats the Emperor. The knack is to lose while displaying as much strategic skill as possible, so that he thinks he's the clever one by beating you. You'd think he'd see through that, wouldn't you? But it's all a matter of honour.

The only thing that stopped them chopping my head off was the fact that I'd just saved the entire planet from the ravages of a Great Space Plague.

MILA/CHARLEY

(THROUGH DOOR) Well, bully for you!

DOCTOR

Yes, I thought so. Come on, Charley. You must be dressed by now.

(FX: THE DOOR OPENS.)

MILA/CHARLEY

Ready.

(FX: SHE STEPS SWISHILY OUT, HERE SHE IS, SUDDENLY WITH ACCESS TO SO MUCH THAT WAS JUST OUT OF REACH; TRYING TO STAY CALM AND DESPERATE TO DO THE RIGHT THING)

MILA/CHARLEY

What do you think? Do I look all right?

DOCTOR

Good grief -

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh. It's too much, isn't it?

DOCTOR

(STUNNED) No, no. It's fine.

MILA/CHARLEY

You said formal. And I thought it was rather - 'me'.

DOCTOR

Erm - well, it is you - underneath. But perhaps -

MILA/CHARLEY

Yes?

DOCTOR

The long evening gloves might be a bit much.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry.

DOCTOR

And the purple and orange bows. We don't know why we've been summoned yet. Better to keep it simple.

MILA/CHARLEY

Like you, you mean?

DOCTOR

Lord Salisbury lent me this morning coat for the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. It has a discreet elegance, don't you think?

MILA/CHARLEY

Didn't he want it back?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry?

MILA/CHARLEY

I'll find something simpler. Shan't be a minute.

(FX: CLOSES DOOR)

DOCTOR

(SIGHS) I'll go and check the readings.

9. TOMB. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: A DOUBLE DRUM ENDLESSLY REPEATS. OR COULD IT BE A HEARTBEAT?)

TOMBKEEPER

(CALLING) System!

THE TOMB'S CONTROL SYSTEM BLEEPS IN RESPONSE.

Begin the closing of the sunward vaults.

(FX: A GONG. THE DISTANT WALLS GRIND.)

10. TOMB. OUTSIDE EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(FX: THE GRINDING IS MORE DISTANT. THE DRUM CONTINUES.
A SILENT MONK ON GUARD)

PRINCE

(APPROACHING) You! Open the Emperor's chamber. I wish to pay my respects.

(BEAT)

I said open it!

(BEAT)

You insolent whelk! Do you know who I am? Let me pass!

(FX: HE DRAWS HIS SWORD)

I'll teach you to deny me!

(FX: AND HE RUNS THE MONK THROUGH. THE MONK GASPS AND COLLAPSES)

PRINCE

Mother! Are you in there? Mother!

TOMBKEEPER

(APPROACHING) Prince! Put down your sword!

PRINCE

He was insolent. Is my mother in there? Your idiot monks say my bodyguard has been sent home. I never gave that order. And where are my rivals?

TOMBKEEPER

They will arrive.

PRINCE

I'll fight them all, sword to throat, if they challenge me.

TOMBKEEPER

Highness, the sacred rituals cannot be disrupted. All of Draconia waits. Your mother would tell you to wait too.

PRINCE

My mother said there was a great secret that I'd only learn once I assumed the throne. She said the Priests would tell me.

TOMBKEEPER

She would never be so foolish.

PRINCE

Really? Oh, come on. What is it? I need to know.

TOMBKEEPER

The eager dog is always first to stumble over the cliff.

PRINCE

What difference does three days make? I have to get through the vigil somehow.

TOMBKEEPER

The sealing of the tomb has begun. The walls close. The Emperor is in celestial heaven. Nothing disturbs his rest.

PRINCE

(INFURIATED) The Emperor is dead. And the sooner his reign is struck from Draconian history, the better.!

11. TOMB. EMPTY ROOM

(FX: THE DRUM STILL SOUNDS DISTANTLY. A SCREEN DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

DOCTOR

It's another empty room.

MILA/CHARLEY

▫With paper walls. That's the fourth.

DOCTOR

Fusuma screens to be exact - or their equivalent.
(FX: RUNS THE SCREEN BACK AND FORTH ON ITS TRACKS)
Typical of most Draconian households.

MILA/CHARLEY

Still doesn't explain the drums, though.

DOCTOR

No.

MILA/CHARLEY

What about the smell? Is that typical too?

DOCTOR

Well, at first guess, I assumed it was incense.

MILA/CHARLEY

So this might be a temple?

DOCTOR

But on second thoughts... (SNIFF) a tang of ethanol, a *souppçon* of (SNIFF) formaldehyde... it has more than a touch of embalming fluid to it.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, charming.

DOCTOR

Which neither confirms nor detracts from your temple theory.

MILA/CHARLEY

But if your summons was that important, surely there▫'d be someone here to meet us.

DOCTOR

Ah, but I tweaked them.

MILA/CHARLEY

Pardon?

DOCTOR

I edged the spacial co-ordinates point one five of a quarter degree to the left.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh...

DOCTOR

Better to familiarise myself with the situation before declaring my arrival.

MILA/CHARLEY

I thought the Emperor was a friend of yours.

DOCTOR

He is. But if the co-ordinates are correct, he'll be a lot older by now. He was a bit of a wild card when I knew him, always upsetting the Nobles of the court with his new ideas, but that must have been sixty years ago.

MILA/CHARLEY

Perhaps he's having a birthday party.

DOCTOR

Perhaps. They're reptilian by the way.

MILA/CHARLEY

The Draconians?

DOCTOR

Yes... just so you don't react in shock when you first see one.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, I won't be shocked.

DOCTOR

Good. Be polite and bow a lot and you'll be fine.

MILA/CHARLEY

How much is a lot?

DOCTOR

Oh, and when you meet the Emperor --

MILA/CHARLEY

Yes?

DOCTOR

Just keep *shtum*. Females are not allowed to speak in his presence.

MILA/CHARLEY

That doesn't seem fair.

DOCTOR

It's just protocol. Nothing to chain yourself to the railings over.

MILA/CHARLEY

I don't suppose they've got any railings.

DOCTOR

Next room?

MILA/CHARLEY

Ready when you are.

FX: THE DOCTOR PULLS BACK THE NEXT SCREEN.

DOCTOR

Aha.

FX: THEY STEP THROUGH. THE DOCTOR RUSTLES A PARCHMENT ON THE WALL.

MILA/CHARLEY

Is it a Keep Out notice?

DOCTOR

(SUDDENLY SADDENED) Not exactly. It's an Imperial proclamation.

MILA/CHARLEY

May I?

DOCTOR

Here.

MILA/CHARLEY

(STUDIES IT) Erm... sorry, Doctor. I don't understand the script.

DOCTOR

It's not a language. Not as such. It's a series of ceremonial Draconian hieroglyphics.

MILA/CHARLEY

And what do they mean?

DOCTOR

They announce that my old friend, the Fifteenth Emperor of Draconia, known as the Red Emperor, is at rest in his palace in Heaven. He's dead, and this is his tomb.

FX: A DISTANT GONG SOUNDS.

MILA/CHARLEY

What was that?

12. TOMB. ANTE CHAMBER

(FX: GONG)

TOMBKEEPER

Standby.

(FX: MORE GONGS)

TOMBKEEPER

The Emperor is interred.

(FX: GONGS CONTINUE

AND THEN A WIND RISES AND SWEEPS ACROSS.

VOICES MOANING IN THE WIND - OLD MEN, BARELY ALIVE, BUT STILL
GASPING THEIR ANGER. THE DEATHLESS EMPERORS.)

TOMBKEEPER

(CRIES OUT)

(THE PAPER WALLS RIPPLE LIKE SAILS.

SOMETHING HEAVY CLATTERS TO THE GROUND.)

13. TOMB. EMPTY ROOM.

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY AND THE DOCTOR HANGING ON AS THE GROANING WIND BUFFETS THE ROOM.)

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor! The place's gonna tear apart!

DOCTOR

Hold on!

MILA/CHARLEY

That's what I'm doing! Ooooooh! (SHE'S PULLED AWAY, BUT HE GRABS HER)

DOCTOR

I've got you!

(FX: THE WIND GRADUALLY SUBSIDES. THE TWO OF THEM CATCH THEIR BREATH)

MILA/CHARLEY

(PHEW) What was that?

DOCTOR

Somebody's upset about something.

MILA/CHARLEY

What?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure. Are you alright?

MILA/CHARLEY

I think so. It felt like a tidal wave. Are we at sea, do you think?

DOCTOR

A tomb at sea? Hardly likely, is it?

MILA/CHARLEY

It felt...sort of angry. Like someone in a rage.

DOCTOR

A squall of psychic fury, battering the walls like a bad-tempered April shower.

MILA/CHARLEY

How old was the Emperor when you last saw him?

DOCTOR

Oh, about your age. He came to the throne very young. And had to grow up very fast.

RED EMPEROR (FLASHBACK)

Red Horseman 5 to the Blue Redoubt. Attack mode. (FX: TINY HORSE WHINNIES) Go on Doctor, fight your way out of that one!

DOCTOR

I only nudged the *spacial* coordinates; so our timed arrival should still be correct. And since that summons bore the seal of the Red Emperor...

MILA/CHARLEY

Maybe he invited us to his own funeral.

DOCTOR

You mean he was expecting to die? I suppose Draconians do have a fatalistic streak.

MILA/CHARLEY

(WANDERING OFF) I haven't even seen one yet.

DOCTOR

Perhaps I should have brought a wreath.

MILA/CHARLEY

(FURTHER OVER) Doctor? I think you should see this.

DOCTOR

Hmm? Oh, a window. (CROSSING OVER) Well, something was bound to appear sooner or... Good grief...

MILA/CHARLEY

We're in space.

DOCTOR

We most certainly are.

14. TOMB. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: MONKS ARE MOVING FITTINGS, RIGHTING FALLEN FURNITURE. THE TOMBKEEPER SUPERVISES CLEARING UP OPERATIONS)

TOMBKEEPER

(STRUGGLING TO RIGHT FALLEN FURNITURE ETC) Perhaps your imperial highness would consider helping me clear up- ?

PRINCE

This is intolerable.

TOMBKEEPER

System? Report on damage sustained?

PRINCE

My person is in danger.

TOMBKEEPER

(IGNORING HIM) Two sections of the outer vaults are not yet sealed. System?

PRINCE

First you deny me my bodyguard. Then we come under attack.

TOMBKEEPER

System? Recommence sealing procedure.

(FX: THE TOMB SYSTEM BEEPS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT)

PRINCE

What was it? A missile? An energy bolt?

TOMBKEEPER

No, Prince. (OMINOUS) More of a greeting.

PRINCE

What? What's that supposed to mean? Don't turn away from me, Priest! What's more important here? The old Emperor's treasures or the new Emperor's safety?

(FX: GONG)

TOMBKEEPER

Ah. He's here. The first of your fellow vigilants has arrived. You must receive him on behalf of your father.

PRINCE

Who is he? Did he attack us?

TOMBKEEPER

I am not party to the Emperor's instructions.

PRINCE

The *late* Emperor.

TOMBKEEPER

The new vigilant awaits you outside.

PRINCE

(SCARED) Outside here? But I'm not ready. Make him wait!

TOMBKEEPER

Let the vigilant be admitted.

(FX: A SCREEN SLIDES OPEN.
BEAT)

(THE PRINCE STARTS TO LAUGH)

PRINCE

Is he invisible? Is that the joke?

TOMBKEEPER

Where is he?

PRINCE

(STILL LAUGHING) Or is he "late" too!

TOMBKEEPER

System! Find the vigilant! Find him now!

15. TOMB. EMPTY ROOM. BY THE WINDOW

MILA/CHARLEY

Are they palaces?

DOCTOR

Palaces... tombs... or both.

MILA/CHARLEY

Floating up here in space?

DOCTOR

You see the differences in style and decoration? How the architecture evolves with each new edifice?

MILA/CHARLEY

▫... twelve, thirteen... fourteen of them.

DOCTOR

Fifteen, counting this one. One for each Emperor of Draconia. It's a necropolis. Like the pyramids at Giza.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh... yes.

DOCTOR

You know, this is all starting to make sense - the co-ordinates not on the surface of Draconia itself; the Emperor at rest in his palace in Heaven. Even if it does look like a car park for flying castles.

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor... look. Look!

DOCTOR

Where?

MILA/CHARLEY

There! (BEAT) No... no, it's gone now.

DOCTOR

What was it?

MILA/CHARLEY

Something moving... flying between the palaces...

DOCTOR

Tombs.

MILA/CHARLEY

▫...but its shape kept changing. Like a snow-white bird, or a dragon. I don't know. Like a phantom.

DOCTOR

Some indigenous species perhaps? Nesting here amongst the tombs.

MILA/CHARLEY

There! There it is again!

(FX: A SCREEN SLIDES ACROSS THE WINDOW AND CLUNKS SHUT)

MILA/CHARLEY

Ouch. Ow! It shut. Nearly took my fingers off.

(FX: A WALL SCREEN STARTS TO SLIDE ACROSS)

DOCTOR

Look out! The walls!

(FX: SUDDENLY SCREENS ARE SLIDING LEFT TO RIGHT, RIGHT TO LEFT, ALL AROUND THEM, AS THE AREA FOLDS IN)

MILA/CHARLEY

They're folding in on us! Doctor!

DOCTOR

Quickly! Through here!

MILA/CHARLEY

It's closing!

FX: A WALL IS SLIDING ACROSS BETWEEN THEM.

DOCTOR

Grab my hand!

MILA/CHARLEY

I can't... *reach!*

DOCTOR

Come on!!!

MILA/CHARLEY

No! Wait! I can't!

DOCTOR

Jump! Do it now!

MILA/CHARLEY

The floor's going too! Ooh!

(FX: THE FLOOR BUCKLES ACROSS IN A SERIES OF WHUMPS, MOVING MILA/CHARLEY TO ONE SIDE.)

DOCTOR
Charley!

MILA/CHARLEY
I can't! I can't jump that!

(FX: BETWEEN THEM, THE CENTRE IS A MASS OF SLIDING AND FOLDING FIXTURES)

DOCTOR
(AT THE OPPOSITE SIDE) Just hold on! I'll find a way to reach you!

MILA/CHARLEY
(MUFFLED AS SCREEN CLOSES HER OFF) Doctor! Aghhhhh! (SHE VANISHES INTO THE SLIDING TUMULT)

DOCTOR
Charley!

(FX: A SCREEN SLIDES IN ON ONE SIDE)

DOCTOR
Ow! (INCREASINGLY CRUSHED) Let me out of this!

(FX: ANOTHER SLIDES IN FROM THE OTHER WAY)

DOCTOR
(CHOKED) If I can just... reach... the TARDIS... (A STRANGULATED CRY)

(FX: LOUD CLUNK. AN ENGINE SNARLS REPEATEDLY AS SOMETHING JAMS IT. THE SLIDING WALLS CLATTER - THERE'S A TARDIS IN THE WORKS)

16. TOMB. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: A BEEPING ALARM REPEATS. DISTANT ENGINE SNARLING)

PRINCE

What is it?

TOMBKEEPER

System! Curtail sealing of Starward Vaults!

(FX: SYSTEM BLIPS)

TOMBKEEPER

Something is jamming the folding mechanisms!

PRINCE

The missing vigilant perhaps? How tragic that would be.

TOMBKEEPER

A large object is blocking the screen tracks. Show me!

(FX: SYSTEM PINGS. A WALL SCREEN ACTIVATES. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE TARDIS CAUGHT IN THE MECHANISM.)

PRINCE

What is that? Some sort of sarcophagus?

TOMBKEEPER

System! Reverse closure! Release the vault walls!

(FX: THE SNARLING MOTOR GOES INTO REVERSE. THE ALARM STOPS)

PRINCE

There he is - your vigilant. (LAUGHS) Pinned upside down between the screens! He could have been crushed in there!

TOMBKEEPER

The rituals must resume. You must greet the newcomer.

PRINCE

No, no, wait. (SHOCKED) He's not even Draconian! Look at him. What is he?

TOMBKEEPER

Nor is he the vigilant who disappeared.

PRINCE

(MOCKING) Oh, my Priest. An alien intruder? Another unforeseen accident? How much face can you lose in one day?

17. TOMB. VAULT AREA

(FX: THE WALL SCREENS ARE PULLING APART, LAYER BY LAYER.
THE DOCTOR GROANS AND SLIDES TO THE FLOOR)

DOCTOR

I'll never sneer at a book of pressed flowers again. (UNDER HIS BREATH) Not that I ever did..

(ANOTHER SCREEN OPENS AND THE PRINCE STEPS THROUGH)

PRINCE

And what are you?

DOCTOR

Please lower your sword before you do someone an injury.

PRINCE

You insolent..

TOMBKEEPER

Prince! Wait!

DOCTOR

Good idea. (SEES HER) Agh! Oh, I do apologise. Your dragon mask... it startled me. It's very.. fearsome.. and red, isn't it?

TOMBKEEPER

Who are you?

DOCTOR

(POCKET SLAPPING) Hang on. I've got it here somewhere.

FX: HE PRODUCES A DOCUMENT AND UNFOLDS IT.

DOCTOR

Here we are. I printed off a copy. A summons from the Fifteenth Emperor of Draconia to The Noble Doctor (that's me)...

PRINCE

Noble?

DOCTOR

▫...to attend upon him at shown time and place. No further details given.

PRINCE

He's lying. No alien has set foot on Draconia for over fifty years...

DOCTOR

But then technically this isn't Draconia, is it?

PRINCE

▫...on pain of death!

DOCTOR

Ah, but I'm the Doctor. I first visited your world at the time of the Great Plague and was received with considerable hospitality. The Emperor himself made me a Noble of his court. My life at his command.

TOMBKEEPER

The Doctor? The Doctor? As one of the vigilants?

DOCTOR

My deepest sympathies for your sad loss. The Red Emperor was a ruler of great wisdom and bravery - albeit a bit wilful. I hope I'm not too late for the funeral.

PRINCE

It cannot be him.

DOCTOR

You'll find my TARDIS just through there.

PRINCE

TARDIS?

DOCTOR

My ship. I'm afraid it got jammed in your works.

TOMBKEEPER

(DARK) Brought here by the Emperor's summons.

DOCTOR

I also have a friend somewhere - at least she was before your walls swallowed her up.

PRINCE

If he arrived this way, then where is the other vigilant?

18. TOMB. CRYPT AREA

(FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN. MILA/CHARLEY STEPS THROUGH)

MILA/CHARLEY

Hello? Anyone there? Doctor?

(FX: SOMETHING DISTANT RUSTLES LIKE A SHEET OF HEAVY PAPER FOLDING ITSELF)

MILA/CHARLEY

Hello? Who's there?

(FX: PAPER RUSTLES AGAIN - CLOSER)

MILA/CHARLEY

Who's that? It's hard to see you. (DOUBLE BEAT) Hello?

BEAT.

GOMORI

(OPPOSITE SIDE TO THE RUSTLING PAPER - SCARED) What are you?

(MILA/CHARLEY GASPS)

MILA/CHARLEY

(CAUTIOUS) Charlotte Pollard. How do you do?

GOMORI

Don't you come near me, hungry ghost. I won't take your hand.

MILA/CHARLEY

Me? I'm not a ghost, I promise - although I suppose I am a bit peckish. Who are you?

GOMORI

I'm a fisher-catcher□...

MILA/CHARLEY

Yes. (SNIFF) I can tell that

GOMORI

□...summoned by the Emperor. I'm from Satengi Province.

MILA/CHARLEY

Is that on'Draconia'?□

GOMORI

Guards came looking for Gomori. They dragged me away from my home and family. I never left the village before, let alone the world. Be merciful, hungry ghost. My sins are stacked, but not so high they'd land me here - not in this house of death.

19. PREFECT'S SPACESHIP

(FX: WHINE OF SHIP'S ENGINES)

PREFECT

Attention Red Shrine System. This is the Prefect of the Northern Provinces acting as Imperial courier. I am commencing docking procedure...

(CONTINUES IN NEXT SCENE)

20. TOMB. ANTECHAMBER

(THE TOMBKEEPER, THE PRINCE AND THE DOCTOR MONITOR THE PREFECT'S CALL)

PREFECT

(DISTORT, CONT'D) □...please confirm acceptance.

TOMBKEEPER

Prefect, you are welcome.

DOCTOR

A Prefect?

PREFECT

(DISTORT) Acknowledged, Holiness.

(FX: BLIPS OFF)

PRINCE

(SNEERING) Is this another of the vigilants?

TOMBKEEPER

He is not. He'll be carrying the Emperor's decree naming the successor to Draconia's throne.

PRINCE

The decree? (CHANGING TACK) Why then I must go and greet my oldest friend □'before the vigil begins.

DOCTOR

What is this vigil exactly?

TOMBKEEPER

It is a period spent in silent contemplation of the late Emperor's life.

PRINCE

Three minutes would have sufficed, but no □... three days!

DOCTOR

I take it, your Highness, that you did not get on with your father.

PRINCE

I take it, Doctor, that he held you in higher esteem.

DOCTOR

Isn't that flattering? There's still no sign of my friend Charlotte, I assume.

(FX: DISTANT WHUMPF OF SHIP DOCKING. THE RADIO BLIPS)

PREFECT

(DISTORT) Docking completed.

TOMBKEEPER

Thank you, Prefect. We await your delivery.

(FX: A DISTANT CRACK OF ENERGY AND THE POWER SPIRALS AWAY DOWN. SILENCE)

PRINCE

What's happened?

DOCTOR

The power's gone down.

TOMBKEEPER

System! Restore power!

(FX: THE PREFECT'S DISTANT SCREAM)

PRINCE

The Prefect is in danger!

DOCTOR

The door!

(FX: THE DOCTOR GRABS AT A DOOR SCREEN AND STARTS HAULING)

Your Highness, give me a hand! (BEAT) Your Highness!

PRINCE

(EFFORT) Pull towards you.

DOCTOR

(EFFORT) It won't budge!

PRINCE

Pull!

(FX: THE POWER HUMS BACK ON AGAIN)

TOMBKEEPER

Power has been restored!

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

PRINCE

Quickly. The docking port!

(FX: THEY RUN)

21. DOCKING BAY

(FX: FADE UP ON BLEEPING ALARM OF THE PREFECT'S SHIP.
THE DOCTOR AND THE PRINCE RUN UP)

DOCTOR

There he is!

(FX: THEY STUMBLE TO A HALT)

PRINCE

He's been attacked.

DOCTOR

More than that. He's been cut to pieces. The Prefect, your
"friend" has been brutally murdered!

(SCENE CONTINUES IN PART 2.)

END OF PART 1.

PART 2

20. ANTECHAMBER (Cont'd)

PRINCE

He's been attacked.

DOCTOR

More than that. He's been cut to pieces. The Prefect, your "friend" has been brutally murdered!

PRINCE

Where's the decree? (SEARCHING AROUND) Where is it?

DOCTOR

Something sliced right through his ceremonial armour.

PRINCE

It must be here somewhere!

DOCTOR

Multiple cuts to his head... and torso. This was a frenzied attack, poor fellow.

PRINCE

He'd be carrying it with him. On his personage... Get out of my way! I must find it!

DOCTOR

Your highness...

TOMBKEEPER

(APPROACHING) What's happened?

DOCTOR

There's been an attack, Madam. The Prefect has been murdered.

PRINCE

And the decree of Succession is missing.

TOMBKEEPER

Is it indeed?

PRINCE

What are you implying, Priest?

DOCTOR

From his wounds, I'd say the Prefect here has been sliced up by a warrior's sword. Do any of your acolytes carry weapons?

TOMBKEEPER

They have all departed back to Draconia. The last one, the one who was guarding the Emperor's chamber□...

DOCTOR

Yes?

TOMBKEEPER

□...was slain by his Imperial Highness.

DOCTOR

Really?

PRINCE

He was insolent.

DOCTOR

No remorse? Either for him or your 'friend□' the Prefect?

PRINCE

The decree must be found.

TOMBKEEPER

Your Highness is right. Nothing can proceed until the Emperor's decree is recovered.

DOCTOR

Then perhaps you should see this. It was clutched in the Prefect□'s hand.

PRINCE

A scrap of paper.

DOCTOR

Quite thick, more like parchment. Unfortunately there's nothing written on it.

TOMBKEEPER

It must have torn off when the decree was snatched from the Prefect.

PRINCE

It's a clear attempt to stop my rightful succession. We'll stop this game once and for all. I shall return to Draconia in the Prefect's ship and claim my throne.

TOMBKEEPER

I forbid that.

PRINCE

You have no say.

TOMBKEEPER

System. Release the Prefect's ship!

FX: BLEEP. CLUNK OF MACHINERY. THE DOOR SCREEN TO THE SHIP SLIDES SHUT.

DOCTOR

Look out!

PRINCE

No! Open the screen!

TOMBKEEPER

By the sacred laws of Draconia□...

PRINCE

Open it!

TOMBKEEPER

□...no-one may leave until the Succession is decided.

FX: FIERCE GUSH OF AIR WHICH DWINDLES AWAY INTO THE ETHER.

PRINCE

You meddling old priest. You've trapped us! Alone! Unguarded!

DOCTOR

And with the assassin still onboard.

21. CRYPT AREA

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY SLIDES A SCREEN BACK)

MILA/CHARLEY

Through here, do you think?

GOMORI

Depends where you're leading me... hungry ghost.

MILA/CHARLEY

You don't have to keep following. And I told you, I'm not a ghost. My name's Charley. I'm just not from your world.

GOMORI

What other worlds are there? The Emperor ain't had an Imperial Empire for years.

MILA/CHARLEY

That's your history, not mine. What did you say your name was?

GOMORI

They keep calling me Gomori. They told me to wait. They just lugged me up here and flew away again.

MILA/CHARLEY

So you started exploring.

GOMORI

Look, if I'm dead, I'm dead. You can't argue with Fate. But why drag me up here? I'm not a Noble. And Celestial Heavens's not for me.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry. I'm as lost as you are. My friend, the Doctor was summoned here too.

GOMORI

Oh, now a doctor I can understand. You summon a doctor for a reason. Same as you summon a priest. Though a doctor in a celestial tomb? Well, ain't that a bit late in the day?

MILA/CHARLEY

He isn't just any doctor.

GOMORI

Anyway, doctors are for Nobles. Not for the likes of me.

(FX: SHE PUSHES BACK ANOTHER SCREEN)

MILA/CHARLEY

Still nothing.

GOMORI

They say that ghouls live among the tombs of the Deathless Emperors. All these cold, empty rooms with paper-thin walls. Seems ghoulish enough to me.

MILA/CHARLEY

Maybe that's what I saw. From the window.

GOMORI

Out there?

MILA/CHARLEY

Something white, flying this way. But I'm not sure exactly what it was.

GOMORI

(DESPAIRS) Oh... you see... I tried to tell them, but would they listen? The truth is they got the wrong one

MILA/CHARLEY

(CAUTIOUS) You're not who they think you are?

GOMORI

Dunno. How could I be? But if they ever find out...

MILA/CHARLEY

I know what you mean.

FX: DISTANT HEAVY PAPER RUSTLES.

GOMORI

(SOTTO) Don't move. The shadow through the wall there.

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) It's in the next room...

FX: PAPER FOLDS AGAIN.

22. ANTECHAMBER

PRINCE

Open a channel to Draconia now.

TOMBKEEPER

Protocol demands that all links are severed until the vigil is over.

PRINCE

There are still two more vigilants to arrive.

DOCTOR

Two more?

TOMBKEEPER

They will be delivered and their ships will depart.

DOCTOR

And what about Charlotte?

(BEAT)

TOMBKEEPER

Who is 'Charlotte'?

PRINCE

Some 'acolyte' of his... lost like him in the walls.

DOCTOR

Still lost.

PRINCE

Another "alien."

TOMBKEEPER

Only those summoned by the Emperor can enter the tomb.

DOCTOR

To spend the night in his haunted palace?

PRINCE

How did you get here?

DOCTOR

I told you. In my TARDIS. My private transport. Did your father never mention that?

PRINCE

That box?

DOCTOR

I apologise for arriving unannounced.

TOMBKEEPER

The sun, rising early, catches the wily night with blood-red fingers.

DOCTOR

And unwelcome truth sinks deep beneath the lullaby wash of memory.

TOMBKEEPER

Indeed so.

PRINCE

(SOTTO, TO TOMBKEEPER) If the Doctor arrived by his own means, then who was it we were supposed to meet?

TOMBKEEPER

(SOTTO) Another of the vigilants? Already here?

PRINCE

(SOTTO) Then where is he now?

DOCTOR

(BUTTING IN) Of course, I can leave whenever I like. But that hardly seems respectful, does it? Not when I've come all this way. As for the Prefect's murderer? I'd say he's almost certainly still here in the tomb with us. And consequently, I'm concerned for my missing friend's safety.

PRINCE

Unless your *friend* is the assassin.

DOCTOR

Oh, no. Don't start lashing out. Charlotte is entirely innocent.

TOMBKEEPER

Or he was following *your* instructions.

DOCTOR

He's a *she* actually. And the Emperor was my friend. Why would I want to murder his envoy?

TOMBKEEPER

It's a thin wineskin that divides sweet friendship from bitter hatred.

DOCTOR

Then we've plenty of suspects to choose from. But at the moment, we've only one decent clue: a shred of paper caught in the Prefect's hand.

PRINCE

What possible help can that be?

DOCTOR

Here... touch it. It has an odd texture. Almost clammy.

FX: PAPER RUSTLES

PRINCE

Ow!

DOCTOR

Careful.

PRINCE

It nicked my finger. No matter.

DOCTOR

Oh, dear. Paper cuts can be nasty, can't they? Now let's see... (SLAPPING POCKETS) Somewhere... ah, yes.

PRINCE

What's he doing?

DOCTOR

A sticking plaster for you... and an old treacle toffee tin I keep for such emergencies. We'll pop this chap in here for the moment... (CLICKS TIN SHUT) there... out of harm's way.

(FX: GONG)

TOMBKEEPER

I have devotions to attend to.

DOCTOR

And I really must go and find Charlotte.

(FX: HE SLIDES OPEN A SCREEN)

PRINCE

Don't go far, Doctor. You might run into the assassin.

DOCTOR

Or they might run into me.

(FX: HE CLOSES THE SCREEN BEHIND HIM)

PRINCE

We can always live in hope.

23. CRYPT AREA

(MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI TALKING IN TERRIFIED WHISPERS)

MILA/CHARLEY

The shadow hasn't moved for ages.

GOMORI

Careful.

MILA/CHARLEY

My foot's going to sleep. (BEAT) He's in the next room for goodness sake, maybe he hasn't noticed us.

GOMORI

Oh, he knows. He's a warrior. Look at the crest on his helmet.

MILA/CHARLEY

But if we edge back...

GOMORI

They can wait for days. Like catching eels. And just when you think you're safe...

MILA/CHARLEY

...ever so slowly.

FX: PAPER FOLDS IN THE NEXT ROOM.

GOMORI

He's moving!

MILA/CHARLEY

Look out!

(FX: A BLADE SLASHES DOWN, SLICING THE PAPER SCREEN OPEN. THE WARRIOR PUSHES THROUGH. BUT HE'S MADE OF PAPER TOO, SO HE RUSTLES IN A HEAVY WAY. HE GIVES A WEIRD DRY, FLUTTERING CRY)

GOMORI

He's pushing through!

MILA/CHARLEY

Run, Gomori!

GOMORI

No. Stay still. Don't look at him.

MILA/CHARLEY

What?

GOMORI

Bow low. Lower!

(FX: THE PAPER WARRIOR DRAWS NEARER)

GOMORI

Great warrior. We are defenceless before your might. We, who are not even worthy to pepper your beard, bow before you and accept our fate at your honourable hand.

(DOUBLE BEAT)

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Is it working?

GOMORI

Bow lower.

MILA/CHARLEY

I'm on the floor as it is.

GOMORI

Don't look at him!

(FX: A DISTANT WIND GROWS LIKE THE STORM IN PART 1)

MILA/CHARLEY

I have to see.

GOMORI

No! Don't look!

(FX: AN ANCIENT VOICE GROANS WORDLESSLY IN THE WIND.)

MILA/CHARLEY

I have to know. (SHE LOOKS AND GIVES A LITTLE MOAN)

GOMORI

Spare her, mighty one. She knows no better.

(FX: THE WIND GRADUALLY DIES WITH A GREAT FLAPPING OF PAPER WINGS, THE WARRIOR DEPARTS)

GOMORI

(TERRIFIED) He's gone. He spared you... both of us.

MILA/CHARLEY

Did you see him?

GOMORI

Are you mad? I told you not to look. Such sights▯... they ain't for the likes of us.

MILA/CHARLEY

He was in white, purest white. A warrior with armour like▯... almost like folded paper.

GOMORI

I couldn't look. It wasn't my place.

MILA/CHARLEY

Even his sword was white. I don't know what he wanted. But I could feel his weariness. He was achingly tired.

GOMORI

Did you see his eyes? You must never look in a warrior's eyes. Only another warrior can do that.

MILA/CHARLEY

I don't think he had any eyes.

GOMORI

No eyes▯...

MILA/CHARLEY

I don't know what he was. He was just▯... all white.

GOMORI

Who knows what guards the tombs of the Deathless Emperors?

MILA/CHARLEY

Couldn't say. Except▯... deathless and tombs? Isn't that a contradiction in terms?

24. Tombkeeper's SANCTUM

(FX: THE TOMBKEEPER AT PRAYER. SHE SOUNDS A SMALL GONG)

TOMBKEEPER

Sons of Heaven, hear me. You, who know and see all, who carry the torch of our past, lighten the paths of our future. Is it He? Has He come amongst us again. The serpent, the great deceiver, who shattered our Empire of a thousand years.

(FX: THE GROANING GALE STARTS AGAIN. OLD MEN MOANING.)

TOMBKEEPER

Wise ones, I fear him. What must I do? Show me the path and I shall destroy him□...

(FX: ONE VOICE IN THE WIND HAS A GHASTLY CHOKING DEATH RATTLE)

TOMBKEEPER

□...even if fresh blood has to flow.

DOCTOR

Oh, dear. I hope that won't be necessary.

(FX: THE GALE CUTS SHORT)

TOMBKEEPER

You! How dare you disturb me at my prayers.

DOCTOR

(NOT SORRY) Sorry.

TOMBKEEPER

What do you want?

DOCTOR

Does the Emperor's tomb have a chamber of relics? Somewhere for all his personal effects to be stored as he journeys to the afterlife?

TOMBKEEPER

He spends his afterlife here.

DOCTOR

What? No Happy Hunting Ground, or Hall of Heroes? Poor old chap, what will he do all day?

TOMBKEEPER

This is Heaven.

DOCTOR

Really? As a solid manifestation of a metaphysical concept, it leaves rather a lot to be desired.

TOMBKEEPER

You can leave your complaints in the visitors' ledger.

DOCTOR

I had wondered if I could take a look at the afore-mentioned relic chamber.

TOMBKEEPER

No-one may enter. The Treasury is sealed.

DOCTOR

I'm not a looter, you know. If you remember, I'm the late Emperor's guest...

TOMBKEEPER

I remember the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Ah...

TOMBKEEPER

Fifty years ago, the summer of seventieth year of the Serpent, and I was only twelve years old. I was a novice at the young Emperor's court.

(FX: A FOUNTAIN TUMBLES. BIRDS SING)

TOMBKEEPER

There were outsiders at court in those days. Honourable ambassadors from strange warm-blooded worlds across Draconia's Empire. And the Doctor was there too. Everyone talked about him. He was the Emperor's friend and councillor.

(FX: A GENTLE JAPANESE STYLE FLUTE WAFTS IN)

TOMBKEEPER

I used to watch them, the Emperor and the Doctor, playing Sazou on the great gameboard in the castle gardens. The Nobles themselves acted as pieces in richly ornate robes and armour. I played a role too - a red-robed acolyte in the Emperor's army.

(FX: A CROWD LAUGHS POLITELY AND APPLAUDS)

DOCTOR

Fascinating. The wall screens here. They're painting themselves with your memories.

TOMBKEEPER

The paper is treated to respond to such thoughts.

DOCTOR

How very beautiful. (LAUGHS) Oh, look. There I am. Extraordinary. Don't I look old? Grey boat-rider three to the broken tower, as I recall...

(FX: ANOTHER RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE)

DOCTOR

Thought so.

TOMBKEEPER

But it is not you.

(FX: THE GARDEN SOUNDS CUT)

DOCTOR

Yes, well, I wondered when you'd get round to that.

TOMBKEEPER

You are not the Doctor. You are an impostor!

25. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: BLIPPING OF INSTRUMENTS AS THE PRINCE TRIES TO CONTACT DRACONIA)

PRINCE

Imperial Palace? Are you receiving me?
Imperial Palace? This is your new Emperor. I am under attack.
Assistance is required. Respond.

(FX: A SHORT BURST OF WHITE NOISE)

PRINCE

Imperial Palace? I am trapped on the holy tomb of my father,
the Red Emperor.
I need assistance.
Respond.

(FX: WHITE NOISE AS A CHANNEL OPENS UP. IT IS A MASTERLESS
SOLDIER OF FORTUNE - GRIM, SATURNINE, A JOBBING MERCENARY- IN
HIS APPROACHING JET)

SOLDIER

(DISTORT) Royal Highness, my life at your command. I hear your
request.

PRINCE

Identify yourself.

SOLDIER

(DISTORT) A masterless soldier, Highness. Once of the Imperial
Guard. My jet is approaching the tombs.

PRINCE

My luck holds today. Welcome, good soldier. Fight for my glory
and great bounty shall be your reward.

SOLDIER

(DISTORT) Highness, I shall be at your side within the hour.

26. Tombkeeper's SANCTUM

(AS BEFORE)

TOMBKEEPER

Liar! You are not the Doctor!

DOCTOR

Now, now, madam. Things change, you know. 'To one thing constant never.' I might have had a facelift or two... or even several since last we met.

TOMBKEEPER

I have never seen you before.

DOCTOR

Not with this face maybe, but I remember you. The little acolyte in the red robes of a footsoldier.

(FX: THE FOUNTAIN, BIRDSONG AND FLUTE RESUME)

DOCTOR

A right little minx you were too. You had a necklace made of your own eggshell. And when you were outflanked by my grey Warchargers...

(FX: HORSE WHINNIES AND THE CROWD APPLAUDS POLITELY)

DOCTOR

...you bit my hand and threw my TARDIS key in the fountain.

(FX: PLOP)

TOMBKEEPER

How can it be possible?

DOCTOR

And not long after that game, the first rumours of the Space Plague began.

(FX: DISTANT THUNDER. THE FLUTE AND BIRDSONG FADE)

DOCTOR

The Ambassadors left and Draconia faced oblivion as its Empire was swept away under the deluge. And following my guidance, the Emperor cruelly cut your world off from the Universe.

(FX: IT STARTS TO RAIN HARD)

TOMBKEEPER

It is you. The Doctor.

DOCTOR

Oh look, the colours are running in the picture. What a shame.

TOMBKEEPER

You, who condemned Imperial Draconia to isolation and darkness.

(FX: THUNDER AGAIN)

DOCTOR

Was he such a bad Emperor?

TOMBKEEPER

Ask the families who were split, the merchants who lost their trade. We slid backwards a thousand years.

DOCTOR

Empires come and go. You might have lost your limbs, but your heart survived. Draconia will rise again, There'll be a new Empire, I promise you that.

(FX: THUNDER)

27. OUTSIDE Emperor's CHAMBER

GOMORI

Charlotte! Over here!

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, no. Is he dead?

GOMORI

Dead, split and smoked[□] ... or as good as. These are priestly robes. The Imperial sect.

MILA/CHARLEY

Do you think the warrior attacked him?

GOMORI

No. He's been skewered on a thin-edged sword. Only Nobles carry that sort of blade. It's all for show. A warrior would have sliced him in two.

MILA/CHARLEY

But why[□] ... who would do that?

GOMORI

The Imperials ain't fighters. He must have got in the way. This door[□]...

MILA/CHARLEY

It's different from the rest. It's solid. Suppose it's protecting something. Something valuable.

GOMORI

Or the Emperor hisself.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh[□] ... yes. The Emperor.

GOMORI

There's a seal on here - all official. I wonder how we get it open.

DOCTOR

(APPROACHING) I wouldn't risk it if I were you.

(HE AND THE TOMBKEEPER APPROACH)

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor!

DOCTOR

Charley!

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, am I glad to see you! Are you alright? You weren't hurt?

DOCTOR

I've had my moments. How about you?

MILA/CHARLEY

A bit bruised. But I'm fine. Erm... except we found this poor... fellow. He's been murdered, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Oh, yes... He must be the unfortunate acolyte that the Prince took a dislike to.

MILA/CHARLEY

What? Prince who?

FOOTSTEPS ENTER.

TOMBKEEPER

Is this your missing companion?

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Who's she? Why's she wearing a dragon mask? (ALOUD) How do you do?

DOCTOR

(SOTTO) Purely ceremonial. (ALOUD) I'm so sorry. Do excuse us. This is Charlotte Pollard, the friend I told you about.

Charley, this is the Keeper of the late Emperor's shrine.

(SOTTO) Bow now.

MILA/CHARLEY

I already have.

DOCTOR

Well, do it again.

MILA/CHARLEY

(AWKWARD) Pleased to meet you. I'm sorry about this poor man.

DOCTOR

Not the only murder, I'm afraid.

MILA/CHARLEY

What?

DOCTOR

I'll explain later.

TOMBKEEPER

And you?

GOMORI

(NERVOUS) Holiness... I'm a humble fisher-catcher... They brought me here. I didn't know why... I was minding my own business...

TOMBKEEPER

Stop bobbing like that.

GOMORI

Holiness.

MILA/CHARLEY

His name's Gomori.

GOMORI

No... I've a lot of mouths to feed, Holiness.

TOMBKEEPER

Gomori. Of the low, you are clearly the lowest...

GOMORI

My family are poor.

TOMBKEEPER

...as befits the vigil. Both the most highborn of the high...

DOCTOR

That would be the Prince.

TOMBKEEPER

...and the lowest must be in attendance as required by the Emperor.

GOMORI

Uh...

DOCTOR

Did you know the late Emperor?

GOMORI

A mudcroaker like me? Go on!

TOMBKEEPER

He will suffice.

MILA/CHARLEY

(ANNOYED) Actually, Gomori rescued me from some sort of warrior who attacked us.

DOCTOR

A warrior? What sort of warrior?

GOMORI

All in white armour, he was. Head to heel.

MILA/CHARLEY

But it was like paper. He was almost sculpted into it.

DOCTOR

Was he indeed... Just the one?

MILA/CHARLEY

Were you expecting more?

DOCTOR

(URGENT) Madam, you have three of your vigilants ticked off already. The highest, the lowest and myself.

TOMBKEEPER

The vigil cannot proceed until *four* vigilants are here.

DOCTOR

Then you'd better find one quickly. This whole business is attracting undue attention. My friend Charlotte will be delighted to act as a substitute. (SOTTO) Bow again and agree.

MILA/CHARLEY

But...

TOMBKEEPER

She has no place here.

DOCTOR

Too bad. If she goes, so do I. And then what'll you do? And with a killer on the loose..

TOMBKEEPER

The Prince! He was left alone.

DOCTOR

Come on!

28. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: GONG. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN TO ADMIT THE SOLDIER)

SOLDIER

Majesty, my life at your command.

PRINCE

You are most welcome, Captain.

SOLDIER

Majesty, I— [am no longer a captain]

PRINCE

Who brought you here?

SOLDIER

My ship is my own.

PRINCE

Better and better. You will carry me back to the court on Draconia. I have business there. I can rally my supporters and declare my succession to the throne.

(FX: OPPOSITE DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT THE TOMBKEEPER, THE DOCTOR, MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI)

TOMBKEEPER

Wait!

PRINCE

Don't interfere, Priest. I've wasted enough on your rituals. It's time I took control.

TOMBKEEPER

Who is this?

PRINCE

Since you saw fit to banish my last bodyguard, I've hired another.

DOCTOR

A Captain of the Imperial Guard no less.

SOLDIER

I am— [no longer a captain]

PRINCE

It is time we departed this place—

TOMBKEEPER

Let him speak for himself. Who are you? What are you doing here?

SOLDIER

Holiness, I answered the Emperor's summons.

PRINCE

You see? I'm ready to go. The sooner the better.

SOLDIER

Majesty, your pardon. I meant the *late* Emperor, the *Red* Emperor's summons.

PRINCE

What?

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Doctor? Did he have a summons like you?

DOCTOR

So it would appear.

TOMBKEEPER

You may present the document.

SOLDIER

Madam.

(FX: SHE UNFURLS PARCHMENT)

MILA/CHARLEY

So he's the fourth vigilant.

GOMORI

What? Like the Doctor and me?

DOCTOR

Absolutely.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, that's a relief.

TOMBKEEPER

The summons is true. So be it. He is the fourth vigilant.

PRINCE

Give me that! Give it to me!

TOMBKEEPER

Stand aside!

PRINCE

Give it here!

TOMBKEEPER

System! (FX: SYSTEM BLIPS ACKNOWLEDGEMENT) Seal the tomb completely! The rituals of succession may begin!

(FX: REPEATING KLAXON. DISTANT GRINDING OF WALLS CLOSING)

GOMORI

What's happening?

DOCTOR

The outer walls are closing.

PRINCE

No! You dried-up old lizard hag! You Priests won't stand between me and the throne of Draconia!

(FX: HE UNSHEATHS HIS SWORD)

SOLDIER

(GRABBING THE PRINCE) Highness, no!

PRINCE

(STRUGGLING TO GET FREE) Unhand me! No, let go!

TOMBKEEPER

You will... (THE SWORD CATCHES HER, KNICKING HER) aaargh!

(FX: THE WEAPON DROPS TO THE FLOOR)

DOCTOR

Quickly! Help me with her.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sit her down. Over here.

TOMBKEEPER

Leave me. I am barely hurt.

MILA/CHARLEY

There you are.

GOMORI

She's bleeding.

DOCTOR

That's a nasty cut to your arm. But I don't think it's deep. It won't take a minute to bind.

TOMBKEEPER

(GASPING FOR AIR) I said... leave me!

DOCTOR

Charley, help me off with her helmet.

TOMBKEEPER

Unhand me...

DOCTOR

It's alright. Just to get you some air.

MILA/CHARLEY

(LIFTING OFF THE HELMET) Come on now. There we are.

DOCTOR

There, that's better, isn't it? Take a deep breath.

PRINCE

(SHOCKED) No...

(THE TOMBKEEPER STARTS TO LAUGH)

MILA/CHARLEY

What is it?

PRINCE

You old witch!

TOMBKEEPER

(LAUGHING) What's the matter, boy? Didn't you believe it when your old mother told you she'd be here!

PRINCE

Mother...

DOCTOR:

It would seem that the Emperor's consort has been keeping her priestly duties secret from her son.

MILA/CHARLEY:

But why...?

TOMBKEEPER

Tradition dictates none must know of our sacred duties.

(LAUGHS AGAIN) But it does not matter now. For now, there is no escape!

(AND SHE GOES ON LAUGHING - HER LAUGHTER ECHOING INTO A MUSIC CUE, DENOTING THE PASSING OF TIME.)

29. ANTECHAMBER

(THE DOCTOR AND MILA/CHARLEY IN CONFERENCE)

MILA/CHARLEY

He nearly killed his own mother.

DOCTOR

Well, that's what comes of mixing business with family. Church versus state under one roof always leads to indoor fireworks. Must have been a shock for the Prince though.

MILA/CHARLEY

Nasty.

DOCTOR

Like finding out your mother is the Pope. Have you looked out here lately?

MILA/CHARLEY

Why? What have you seen?

DOCTOR

Only the cold tombs of Draconian Heaven and the cold emptiness in between, and yet there's something out there. Can you feel it? Filling in the dead spaces. Gnawing at the ropes of time.

MILA/CHARLEY

Now you're scaring me.

DOCTOR

If I didn't believe in a rational universe, I'd say it was... hatred.

MILA/CHARLEY

Hatred? (BEAT) Look... we could just go.

DOCTOR

Sorry, I have duties now.

MILA/CHARLEY

Duties?

DOCTOR

And it may take some time... so erm, Charley-

MILA/CHARLEY

I know. While you're busy, keep an eye on the place. Especially *Her*.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

MILA/CHARLEY

And that white warrior thing. It can't have gone far.

DOCTOR

Indeed... Whoever's business it's on.

(FX: A BREATH OF GROANING WIND STIRS AND PASSES LIKE SOMETHING
TURNING A PAGE OR TURNING IN ITS TOMB)

30. ANOTHER PART OF THE ANTECHAMBER

(IN ANOTHER CORNER, GOMORI AND THE SOLDIER)

GOMORI

(SNIFF) I never saw an Emperor before. Not even an Emperor in waiting.

SOLDIER

Disappointed?

GOMORI

Well... not so "Imperial", is he? Suppose it must weigh heavy... the world to rule. All that duty and ritual. And still under his mother's thumb. Like lugging a sack of eels uphill to market.

SOLDIER

You think he cares about you?

GOMORI

Maybe we're not so far apart, him and me.

(SOLDIER LAUGHS)

GOMORI

No, it's true, Captain. Him up on high, me down in the deep. Where can either of us go, eh? I catch fish with my bare hands and earn a bowl of rice a day, if I'm lucky.

SOLDIER

While he's never worked for his supper in his life.

GOMORI

No, no. The fish go for oil to light lamps, see. Our local lord takes them as is his due. We just get rice.

SOLDIER

That's how the system works. Everyone in his place.

GOMORI

Oh, I'm content. Or was till today. Can't fathom why they chose me though. And as for those aliens... they're really strange fish. What about you?

SOLDIER

I take my chances. I've seen what Fate can do, now I make my own luck.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

GOMORI

Oh, look out. Look busy.

PRINCE

You! Fisher-catcher! It was you, wasn't it? You stole my decree of succession?

GOMORI

Highness?

PRINCE

You slew the Prefect and took it! I'll beat you till you squeal, you carrion dog!

(FX: CANE STRIKES.)

GOMORI

(CRIES OUT)

DOCTOR

(CALLING ACROSS) Highness!

(FX: CANE STRIKES AGAIN)

GOMORI

(CRIES OUT)

MILA/CHARLEY

Leave Gomori alone! What did he ever do to hurt you?!?

(FX: SCUFFLE. MILA/CHARLEY GRABS THE PRINCE. HE CRIES OUT)

DOCTOR

Charley! Be careful!

MILA/CHARLEY

(GRABBING PRINCE'S ARM, STRUGGLING) Stop it!!!

PRINCE

(STRUGGLING) Unhand me! Alien serpent!

(FX: OPPOSITE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

TOMBKEEPER

Enough of this! Remember where you are and show respect!

(SILENCE FALLS)

DOCTOR

It's good to see you recovered.

TOMBKEEPER

All is prepared. Follow me through to the Emperor's chamber.

(FX: THE DOUBLE DRUM BEAT BEGINS AN OMINOUS MARCH AS THE CAST PROCESS INTO THE EMPEROR'S RESTING PLACE - LIKE THE COMMONS HEADING INTO THE LORDS FOR THE QUEEN'S SPEECH)

DOCTOR

After you, Highness.

(THE PRINCE HARUMPHS AND SWEEPS PAST)

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) You're welcome, I'm sure.

DOCTOR

Gomori, Captain, after you.

SOLDIER

I am not a captain. (MOVES PAST) Not any more.

GOMORI

Thanks, Doctor, Charlotte.

MILA/CHARLEY

That's alright.

DOCTOR

Charley? My arm?

(THEY WALK)

MILA/CHARLEY

Thank you.

DOCTOR

Like going into dinner. Or onto the scaffold.

MILA/CHARLEY

Don't .

DOCTOR

That was unladylike, your intervention.

MILA/CHARLEY

He didn't deserve it. I hate people throwing their weight about.

DOCTOR

Still, rather impressive, I thought. But don't forget. No

talking in the Emperor's presence.

MILA/CHARLEY

Where is Emmeline Pankhurst when you need her?

(FX: ANOTHER BREATH OF GROANING WIND STIRS AND PASSES)

31. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(FX: HEAVY LOCKS CLANK. THE HEAVY DOOR TRUNDLES OPEN. THIS ROOM IS NOT PAPER. IT HAS RESONANCE. THE COMPANY ENTER)

DOCTOR

Ah, that's more like it. What an impressive chamber. Traditional dynastic Draconian, but with a modern sweep. And that door must lead to the Treasury.

GOMORI

(SOTTO) Now that's what I expect an Emperor to look like.

DOCTOR

And here he is. My old friend, still enthroned, even in death. Careworn by the ages, but still indisputably noble, poor chap. Quite chipper actually. He might have been all powerful, but he did have a great sense of humour.

MILA/CHARLEY

Really?

SOLDIER

Quiet.

DOCTOR

Oh, yes. All the best tyrants have a twinkle.

MILA/CHARLEY

Erm... I don't have to do a eulogy too, do I?

TOMBKEEPER

Silence! Females are not permitted to speak.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry. (SOTTO) What does that make Her then?

DOCTOR

She's a Priest. And the Queen Mother. Obviously exempt.

TOMBKEEPER

We shall observe a moment's silence in respect of our departed Emperor.

(BEAT)

(FX: PAPER SCRABBLES IN DOCTOR'S TIN, MUFFLED IN HIS POCKET. SOMEONE COUGHS. ANOTHER SCRABBLING NOISE.)

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Doctor...?

TOMBKEEPER

What is that noise?

DOCTOR

(FUMBLING IN HIS POCKET) So sorry. My fault.

PRINCE

Was my father mocking us all? Is this buffoon the vigilant that he summoned to attend him in death? The great alien visitor who shaped Draconia's downfall?

DOCTOR

Sorry. It's the scrap of paper, you see. In the toffee tin.

(FX: PAPER SCRABBLES IN THE TIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

It's alive? It's trying to get out!

DOCTOR

I fear so. (FX: CLICKS OPEN TIN) Whoops. There it goes.

(FX: THE PAPER FLUTTERES ACROSS THE ROOM)

TOMBKEEPER

You idiot!

GOMORI

Look at it go. Straight for the door.

SOLDIER

The door of the Treasury.

(FX: PAPER SCRABBLES AT THE DOOR)

TOMBKEEPER

This is intolerable! Stop that thing now!

DOCTOR

Careful! Don't touch it!

PRINCE

You'd think it was trying to get in there.

DOCTOR

Oh, it is. (CROUCHES) Now then, you pugnacious little..

(FX: HE CLICKS TIN SHUT ROUND THE PAPER, WHICH GOES ON SCRABBLING INSIDE)

DOCTOR

There. Got it. Your Holiness, perhaps we should open up the Treasury.

TOMBKEEPER

The door is sealed.

DOCTOR

Seals can be resealed. I think we should take a look.

PRINCE

He's right, mother. I demand to see inside.

TOMBKEEPER

I'm not your mother today. I am the Keeper of your Father's Tomb. He who breaks the seal of the Emperor's Treasury shall be cursed and die. Now stand away!

(BEAT)

MILA/CHARLEY

He who breaks the seal?

DOCTOR

Charley, be quiet.

MILA/CHARLEY

Well, stuff all the *Hes* round here. I'm only a second class *She*. I'm not allowed to speak, so I don't count. Give me that stick!

(FX: SHE GRABS THE Tombkeeper's STAFF)

TOMBKEEPER

My staff! Sacrilege!

DOCTOR

No, Charley!

MILA/CHARLEY

One good wallop should do it.

(FX: SHE GIVES THE SEAL ONE GOOD WALLOP. IT SHATTERS. A BREATH OF GROANING WIND. THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. IN ITS TIN, THE PAPER SCRABBLES)

DOCTOR

Well, if no-one else is going in, I certainly am.

32. TREASURY

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND MILA/CHARLEY ENTER. THE OTHERS FOLLOW)

DOCTOR

(DEEP BREATH) Ah, it's that Howard Carter moment.

MILA/CHARLEY

Is it?

DOCTOR

Can I see anything? Oh, yes▯...

GOMORI

Wonderful things.

DOCTOR

▯...the usual suspects.

MILA/CHARLEY

Look at it all. Gold, silver▯... jade. Statues, robes▯...

SOLDIER

The wealth of the world is here.

PRINCE

I'm watching you all, fisher-catcher, soldier, doctor. If so much as one thing goes missing▯...

MILA/CHARLEY

(UNNERVED) Doctor▯... (SHE'S SEEN THE RED SAZOU)

GOMORI

Oh▯... It's them.

MILA/CHARLEY

A whole bunch of them.

DOCTOR

Hmm? Good heavens. Sazou game pieces. How very beautiful.

MILA/CHARLEY

Warriors. Just like the one that attacked us.

DOCTOR

Really?

GOMORI

But that one was white.

PRINCE

And these are red▯ ... A Red Sazou army as befits the Red Emperor.

DOCTOR

But each one is exquisite in detail. Look, each lifesize figure, folded out of a single sheet of red paper. Origami warriors.

MILA/CHARLEY

With paper swords.

SOLDIER

There's only fifteen pieces. Only half a set.

DOCTOR

One side of the game.

MILA/CHARLEY

Because the other side, the white side, is out there.

(FX: THE PAPER IN THE TIN SCRABBLES.
THE PAPER WARRIORS START TO FOLD AND SWISH)

GENERAL INTAKE OF BREATH IN SHOCK FROM ALL.

GOMORI

They're moving.

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor, they're moving!

PRINCE

Get out! Get out now!

(FX: HE RUNS)

DOCTOR

Prince! Come back!

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT WITH A CRUNCH)

GOMORI

Here, open this up!

(FX: THEY HAMMER ON THE DOOR)

SOLDIER

Open this door!

(FX: THE SAZOU SWISH CLOSER)

GOMORI

It's no good.

MILA/CHARLEY

There's no way out. We're trapped.

(FX: SWISH, SWISH, SWISH)

END OF PART 2.

PART 3

32. TREASURY (Cont.)

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT WITH A CRUNCH)

GOMORI

Here, open this up!

(FX: THEY HAMMER ON THE DOOR)

SOLDIER

Open this door!

(FX: THE SAZOU SWISH CLOSER)

GOMORI

It's no good.

MILA/CHARLEY

There's no way out. We're trapped.

(FX: SWISH, SWISH, SWISH)

DOCTOR

There must be a way.

SOLDIER

Then find it, Doctor. I can hold them off.

GOMORI

Not on your own, you can't, Captain.

SOLDIER

Good fellow. The place is full of weapons. Take your pick.

GOMORI

(HEFTING OUT A HEAVY STAFF) Reckon this staff has a fair thwack to it. Right. I'm ready.

SOLDIER

Here comes the first of them. Look out!

FX: THE SOLDIER GIVES A PAPERY YELL AND ATTACKS. WE HEAR HIS EXERTION, PAPER FLAPPING, FURNITURE CRASHING, SWORDS SWISHING, BUT IT'S METAL AGAINST PAPER, SO NO RINGING CLASH. IT CONTINUES UNDER...

MILA/CHARLEY

(URGENT) Doctor, what about the door?

DOCTOR

It's a tomb, not a museum. These treasures are meant to be locked away in perpetuity.

MILA/CHARLEY

But I'm not. Are you seriously saying there's no way of opening the door?

DOCTOR

Hmmm. Imagine you were building this place.

MILA/CHARLEY:

Doctor, if you're going to be clever, could you just please get on with it?

DOCTOR

My point is that even if the architect was instructed to build a chamber from which there was no exit, he wouldn't want to risk getting locked in here by accident.

MILA/CHARLEY

So... you mean, he'd build in a sort of emergency door handle somewhere?

DOCTOR

Precisely. Let's start looking!

(GOMORI AND THE SOLDIER YELL AS THEY SLICE THROUGH A PAPER WARRIOR. PAPER SLICES THROUGH, ONE OF THE SAZOU SCRUNCHES DOWN)

GOMORI

One down!

SOLDIER

There's nothing inside! They're not people at all! Slice them up and they're empty!

GOMORI

So what are they? Puppets? Machines? What drives 'em?

SOLDIER

Here comes the next one!

(HE YELLS AND STARTS TO FIGHT AGAIN)

33. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

THE PRINCE AND THE TOMBKEEPER ARGUING.

TOMBKEEPER

System! Open the door! Let them out!

PRINCE

(FEVERED) Stand away, Mother! System! Seal the Treasury!

TOMBKEEPER

No! System, negate that order.

PRINCE

He set a final trap for me! My own father! Those warriors are alive in there. They're his warriors! But I'm the Emperor now!

TOMBKEEPER

Not until we find the decree of succession. You need those people for the vigil! So let them out!

PRINCE

Forget your precious rituals! Suppose the decree names one of them!

TOMBKEEPER

We'll deal with that problem when it arises. My son, you have the backing of forces your father chose to forget.

PRINCE

What "forces"? Is that my mother or the High Priest talking? Is there a difference?

TOMBKEEPER

My dear son, we have to set Draconia back on course. Listen to me...

PRINCE

(DEEP CONTEMPT) How did my father ever live with you?

TOMBKEEPER

Open the door! Let them out!

(HE GRABS HER. SHE NEARLY CHOKES)

PRINCE

Cross me again, Mother, and I'll see you finished forever. The chamber stays shut!

34. TREASURY

(FX: HORSE NEIGHS. PAPER SWISHES)

GOMORI

Don't like the look of this one! It's refolding itself.

(FX: PAPER FOLDS. PAPER HORSE NEIGHS)

SOLDIER

A Warcharger. Mind how it moves. It jumps sideways and ahead.

(FX: THE PAPER HORSE LUNGES IN.
GOMORI YELLS. FIGHT CONTINUES UNDER...)

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor? Anything?

DOCTOR

(FRUSTRATED) Nothing!

(HE KICKS THE DOOR FRAME. IT SOUNDS RATHER HOLLOW)

MILA/CHARLEY

Well, kicking it isn't going to do—

DOCTOR

Wait a minute! Listen!

(KICKS DOOR FRAME AGAIN)

This section of the door frame sounds hollow. Quickly! Give me a hand, or rather a foot! Kick it!

(VOCAL EFFORT AS THEY BOTH KICK AT THE DOOR FRAME. IT SMASHES LIKE BRITTLE CHINA)

MILA/CHARLEY:

What is it? Just looks like an ornamental pattern of some—

DOCTOR

Behind a false panel where no one can appreciate it? No... this, Charlotte, is the door handle. Right, to work!

(FX: HE STARTS PRESSING THE ORNAMENTAL PATTERN)

Aha!

MILA/CHARLEY

They can't hold those things off forever.

DOCTOR

I'm well aware of that. Now... what codes would be appropriate for a tomb?

(PAPER HORSE NEIGHS. GOMORI YELLS WITH PAIN AND STUMBLES)

GOMORI

My shoulder...

SOLDIER

Get behind me!

(FX: HORSE NEIGHS. FURNITURE SMASHES OVER)

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori! Come on. Lean on me.

GOMORI

Get a move on, Doctor!

DOCTOR

I'm trying!

GOMORI

Why attack us? They're meant to attack each other.

MILA/CHARLEY

Each other...? The "other" side! Doctor... the scrap of paper!

DOCTOR

I'm busy.

(FX: NEIGH. FLAPPING PAPER. CRASH)

MILA/CHARLEY

In the tin. It's torn off the White Warrior. That's what they're trying to get at!

DOCTOR

Charlotte, that's pure genius. It must be rubbing off. Here.

MILA/CHARLEY

Thanks.

FX: THE PAPER SCRABBLES IN THE TIN.

MILA/CHARLEY

Now then, you. Can't wait for a fight, can you?

GOMORI

Charlotte, look out!

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY GASPS. HORSE NEIGHS. A MIGHTY CRASH.
MILA/CHARLEY CLICKS OPEN THE TIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

Off you go!

(FX: THE SHRED RUSTLES AND FLITTERS ACROSS. HORSE NEIGHS. MUCH
FOLDING AND SWISHING OF PAPER IN A MOUNTING FRENZY)

GOMORI

It's working!

SOLDIER

That won't keep them busy for long.

DOCTOR

Captain, this is the Red Emperor's tomb. What was his year of
birth?

SOLDIER

The sixty fourth year of the Star, Doctor.

(FX: CLICKING IN FIGURES ON THE PANEL)

DOCTOR

And this year is?

SOLDIER

The eightieth year of the Blood.

(FX: CLICKS IN MORE FIGURES ON THE PANEL)

DOCTOR

Thank you. That's exactly what I needed.

(FX: PLINK. THE DOOR UNLOCKS AND SWISHES OPEN)

MILA/CHARLEY

You've done it!

DOCTOR

Right. Quick. Everyone out!

(FX: EVERYONE SCRAMBLES OUT)

35. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(FX: EVERYONE SCRAMBLES THROUGH. THE PRINCE AWAITS.)

SOLDIER

Get that door shut!

FX: THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

PRINCE

You're safe - all of you, praise the stars.

DOCTOR

No thanks to your Imperial Highness.

PRINCE

The Treasury door sealed itself. It refused to open.

DOCTOR

Oh, dear. The tomb control system suddenly not working?

PRINCE

Its responses were triggered when your friend broke the seal.

MILA/CHARLEY

Don't mind me. I'm just the one who got cursed.

SOLDIER

How's your shoulder, Gomori?

GOMORI

I won't be eel-sluicing for a few days, that's for certain.

MILA/CHARLEY

That makes two of us then.

DOCTOR

But we did learn one thing..

PRINCE

Well?

DOCTOR

The half set of Red Sazou pieces, the paper warriors in the Treasury...

PRINCE

What about them?

DOCTOR

Somewhere there is a matching half set of White Sazou - the Reds' opponents. One of those killed the Prefect. Hence the shred of white paper in his hand. But the Sazou are only game pieces. Someone is playing them.

PRINCE

A "White" Sazou? Doctor, you are an historic, but infrequent visitor to Draconia. Our rituals may not be clear to an outsider. So let me explain. Traditionally an Emperor is interred with a half set of Sazou pieces in his own colour. In my father's case: Red. There are no White Sazou.

MILA/CHARLEY

Then what attacked Gomori and me?

PRINCE

Attacked a superstitious peasant and a soft-skinned alien? Almost anything, I should think.

GOMORI

It was a White warrior, Highness. Same as those things in there...

MILA/CHARLEY

But white.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR

Highness, where's your mother?

PRINCE

She has duties of her own.

DOCTOR

Surely her duties are here, overseeing your father's obsequies. I want to speak to her.

PRINCE

Speak to me.

DOCTOR

Highness, I'm sure you understand our concern. You've already attacked your mother once in our presence.

PRINCE

She's not at your beck and call, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Then where is she?

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor, he's lying. Suppose he's done away with her too.

(FX: DOOR OPENS TO ADMIT THE TOMBKEEPER)

TOMBKEEPER

You were warned about speaking in the Emperor's presence.

PRINCE

The alien female was concerned for your safety, mother. Isn't that touching?

DOCTOR

Charlotte would apologise personally, Holiness, but she understands and respects your laws.

(BEAT)

TOMBKEEPER

Her contrition is acceptable... this time.

DOCTOR

Thank you, Holiness.

TOMBKEEPER

There has been enough disruption. The vigil, the reason you were summoned here, must begin.

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) But surely...

DOCTOR

(HISSES) Not now, Charlotte! (ALoud) Forgive me, Holiness, but how can the vigil proceed when the all important decree of succession is still missing?

TOMBKEEPER

The day bird, taking wing at night, circles in the dark till he sees the dawn.

DOCTOR

Red sky in the morning, Draconia's warning.

TOMBKEEPER

The decree has been recovered. Here it is.

DOCTOR

(DOESN'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT) Amazing.

TOMBKEEPER

I found it myself amongst the late Prefect's robes. I place it here... upon the Emperor's breast. To be read once the vigil is complete.

DOCTOR

I can hardly wait.

TOMBKEEPER

So... order is restored. Refreshment and ceremonial robes await you in the antechamber. Take one hundred moments to compose yourselves. Then your days of contemplative office will commence.

(FX: GONG... INTO MUSIC CUE FOR THE PASSING OF TIME.)

36. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER (again)

(THE EMPEROR GROANS WEAKLY)

TOMBKEEPER

Well, you old fool? I hope you're satisfied. You summoned them and here they are: the Highest, the Lowest, the Bravest and the Wisest in your world. It might have been in your Empire, but no... that's long lost.

(ANOTHER GROAN)

And here's the decree. (LAUGHS) Who's arguing now, eh? Trying to pass over my son, were you? You should have known better.

(YET ANOTHER FEEBLE GROAN)

I've followed your orders to the last detail. Everything in ceremonial place. We must maintain appearances, mustn't we? Keep up the show for the rabble. But it's too late for you, poor old fellow. Heaven won't help you now. Oh, no. Heaven is where you already are and it boils with rage!

(EMPEROR GASPS LIKE A SUDDEN STAB OF PAIN)

Enjoy your reign up here, with all the other Deathless Emperors!

(FX: PAPER FLAPS A LITTLE WAY OFF)

Who's there? Who's that?

37. ANTECHAMBER

(FX: TEACUPS TINKLE)

DOCTOR

Well, now we're well and truly for it. Pass the rice cakes, Gomori. Don't keep them all for yourself.

MILA/CHARLEY

We could still leave.

DOCTOR

Yes, we could. But we won't.

MILA/CHARLEY

The rest of you could go. The Captain's ship's still docked.

SOLDIER

One day, you'll stop calling me that.

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori? Don't you still want to go?

GOMORI

What? And spend the rest of my days running from the Imperial sluggers? I may not have a tin spoon to my name, but I won't skulk in shadows, thanks very much.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry, I spoke. (BEAT) More tea anyone?

DOCTOR

Where's the Prince gone?

SOLDIER

You don't expect his Highness to spend time with the likes of us.

DOCTOR

Nevertheless, he shouldn't wander off. It's not safe.

SOLDIER

More likely he's trying to get his hands on that decree.

GOMORI

He'll have to get past his mother first.

MILA/CHARLEY

Does anyone really believe that's the real thing?

DOCTOR

Seems very convenient, doesn't it? But then what do I know? Perhaps I was wrong about the White Sazou. Perhaps it's as much a visitor here as we are. If this is the Red Emperor's tomb, am I right that there was once a White Emperor too?

GOMORI

Oho, that goes back a bit.

SOLDIER

The White? He was the first Emperor. A thousand years ago. He was a tyrant and a half. In his reign, he conquered fifty-two worlds. The scribes say the suns ran purple with blood.

DOCTOR

And he's here in his tomb in Draconian Heaven?

SOLDIER

They all are, Doctor. Every last dead Emperor.

DOCTOR

Each with a half set of life-size paper Warriors in their own Imperial colours. Charley? You're spilling your tea.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry..., but that was what I saw. Out there, flying between the tombs. All white and changing shape as it flew.

SOLDIER

That's the one.

GOMORI

And then inside... in the corridor.

MILA/CHARLEY

What does it want? Is it hunting?

DOCTOR

It's a gamepiece. It doesn't think for itself. Someone else moves it on the gameboard.

MILA/CHARLEY

But how? And why make a set of toys so aggressive?

GOMORI

It's still here... the White Sazou. Somewhere in the tomb.

DOCTOR

And we'd better do our best to find it.

38. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(FX: SAZOU PAPER FOLDS NEARBY)

PRINCE

Who's there?

(FX: A BEAT AS HE MOVES ACROSS THE CHAMBER)

TOMBKEEPER

Caught you!

PRINCE

(GASPS) Oh... Mother!

TOMBKEEPER

Official capacity please.

PRINCE

(SIGHS) Holiness.

TOMBKEEPER

Better. Sneaking about again?

PRINCE

No.

TOMBKEEPER

You were after the decree.

PRINCE

If I don't find out what it says, I shall go mad. Do you know?
You do, don't you?

TOMBKEEPER

It cannot be read until the appropriate time.

PRINCE

Oh, I know you, Mother. You'd never risk messing up your schemes. Just tell me I'll be Emperor in three days time.

TOMBKEEPER

I could not say... my son. (KNOWING) Imperial Highness.

PRINCE

(CAUTIOUS) Good. But I still don't like it. The decree lying there for anyone to pick up.

TOMBKEEPER

Any threat will be dealt with.

PRINCE

What do you mean?

(FX: PAPER FOLDS AGAIN NEARBY)

PRINCE

What's that? Where is it? (WALKS TO DOOR) Is it out there?

TOMBKEEPER

It's history, my son. And it's on your side.

39. CORRIDOR

(FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN. THE DOCTOR AND THE SOLDIER STEP THROUGH)

SOLDIER

How do we find it? It must be lying low...

DOCTOR

Or flying high... I don't suppose it's fussy. How small can a paper Sazou fold itself?

SOLDIER

Small as you like... at a guess. But these ones are very special. Even when I was in service at the court...

DOCTOR

I thought as much.

SOLDIER

▫...they never had pieces like these. Sazou pieces were carved solid - or Nobles dressed up.

DOCTOR

Or those pocket-sized sets you could keep in your sleeve... because obviously there are no pockets on Draconia. But the quite exquisite life-size Sazou here must be sculpted of some sort of neuro-technologically responsive paper.

SOLDIER

Directed by the player's thoughts?

DOCTOR

Whoever controls them has an eye to wiping the accursed reign of that great heretic, the Red Emperor, from history.

SOLDIER

It's the Priests. It's always the same. Faith against the State, past against the present.

DOCTOR

And you left court life behind long ago.

SOLDIER

Fortune pays my bills... or it doesn't. These days, it's every moment for itself.

DOCTOR

It doesn't bother you at all, does it? And the answer to our problem's obvious.

SOLDIER

Try me.

DOCTOR

To catch a White Sazou...

SOLDIER

▫...we need a Red Sazou. (CHUCKLES GRIMLY) That's sound logic, Doctor. But I doubt our hosts will agree.

40. TOMBKEEPER'S SANCTUM

(DOOR SLIDES BACK. GOMORI AND MILA/CHARLEY ENTER)

GOMORI

Charlotte? In here. Bit of peace.

MILA/CHARLEY

Is it another shrine?

GOMORI

Maybe. Look out there. Lights twinkling in the tombs... There weren't lights before. I don't like that. Do you think they're watching?

MILA/CHARLEY

What about your home? Tell me about that.

GOMORI

Gomori... he's lowest of the low, they reckon. Just shows how deep the honourable Nobles in their houses ever look. As far as lows are concerned, Gomori the fisher-catcher's just paddling in the shallows.

MILA/CHARLEY

You said you weren't really Gomori.

GOMORI

Oi, hush. Keep it down, will you? Walls have eyes and ears, specially round here. I never liked walls anyway. You spend your life hiding, trying not to get noticed... and then this happens. I didn't want this.

MILA/CHARLEY

Getting noticed was just what I did want. But now...

GOMORI

I never left home before. Don't suppose I'll ever see home again.

(FX: BIRDSONG STARTS AS THE PAPER SCREENS PICK UP HIS THOUGHTS)

GOMORI

Other places, places over the horizon, were just stories. The whole world's made up for all I know.

(FX: THE THIN WEEDY CRIES OF BABY DRACONIANS IN THEIR NEST, CALLING FOR FOOD)

GOMORI

Can't even afford a proper roof for my brood. Takes us all day to feed them, their mother and me.

MILA/CHARLEY

Hang on. The wall screens... What's happening? Are they painting what you remember?

GOMORI

The paper walls... they're listening. Make them stop.

MILA/CHARLEY

No... I mean, I don't know. I don't think so. Are these your babies?

GOMORI

There they are. Look at them, poor little hatchlings. Who'll feed the little mites now? How can their mother cope?

(FX: THE LITTLE ONES GO ON SQUEALING)

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori, we'll get you home.

GOMORI

I'm not Gomori! I'm Jumm! They got the wrong one. 'He'll do,' they said. But I'm the mudcroaker. Jumm the lamp-filler. That's what I am!

(FX: WE SPLASH INTO THE WATER, AND We're IN THE HEAVY UNDERWATER WORLD)

GOMORI

Others, the Lords, the villagers, all live in huts or fine houses. I live in a pond. Deep down in green water, that's where I belong, catching fish for oil for lamps I can't even afford to light.

(FX: THE WATER SWIRLS AND EDDIES)

GOMORI

And they took me away from my world. What had I done? My only crime was being there!

(FX: HE BREAKS SURFACE, BURSTING INTO THE OVERWORLD)

MILA/CHARLEY

It's alright. We'll get you home, Jumm. I promise. I promise.

(FX: THE WATER WORLD FADES)

GOMORI

And you, Charlotte? What about you? Where do you come from?

MILA/CHARLEY

I don't know.

41. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER & TREASURY

DOCTOR

Right. Here we go again.

(FX: THE SEAL SMASHES AGAIN)

SOLDIER

They'll have to be busy not to hear that.

DOCTOR

Just open the Treasury door.

(FX: SOLDIER SLIDES OPEN THE DOOR AND DRAGS A HEAVY TRUNK ACROSS)

SOLDIER

(EFFORT) We can wedge it ... with this trunk.

DOCTOR

Good thinking. (BEAT) Ready for this?

SOLDIER

Ready.

(FX: THEY MOVE CAUTIOUSLY INSIDE)

SOLDIER

They've formed up in ranks again. Careful!

(FX: DOCTOR SNAPS HIS FINGERS THREE TIMES)

DOCTOR

No reaction yet.

SOLDIER

One shred of white paper was enough to set them off before.

DOCTOR

Yes ... Which one, do you think?

SOLDIER

The Snake Warrior. It's smaller - easier to move.

DOCTOR

Without it falling apart? Look at the way it's folded. It's so simple, but so detailed. Even the texture of the paper changes. Hard to know where to hold it.

SOLDIER

Careful. Those edges are like knives. (HE STRETCHES TO LIFT IT)
I've got it. And lift.

(FX: THEY LIFT THE SAZOU. IT RUMPLES A LITTLE. THEY BOTH GRUNT
AND LAUGH)

DOCTOR

That fooled us.

SOLDIER

Lighter than it looks. Just paper.

DOCTOR

Deceptive at every level. Right. Towards me.

(FX: HANDLING THE SAZOU TOWARDS THE DOOR)

SOLDIER

And back to me. They say you visited Draconia before. Mind that
lantern.

DOCTOR

Whoops... Yes, I did. Sixty years ago.

SOLDIER

They say it was you... left a bit... that had the Red
Emperor's ear; that made him cut the world off from its own
Empire; that brought Imperial Draconia to the edge. Steady.
Through the door.

DOCTOR

What could he do? The plague was rampant. If the Emperor hadn't
acted... careful... oops... do you think your world would
have survived at all?

SOLDIER

It's what they say. And down.

(FX: THEY PUT THE SAZOU DOWN)

DOCTOR

Thank you. There, no damage so far. But one warrior is enough,
I think.

(FX: HE SHIFTS THE TRUNK AND SLIDES THE DOOR SHUT)

DOCTOR

Good. Now, how are we going to manage this? Push it through the
tomb until it picks up the scent of its enemy?

(FX: THE SAZOU RUSTLES SLIGHTLY)

SOLDIER

No need, Doctor. It's already moving.

42. ANTECHAMBER

(WE START IN SILENCE)

MILA/CHARLEY

(LOST IN REMEMBRANCE FOR A MOMENT) The first thing... the only thing I could remember... Only my name... (VERY SOFTLY) Mila.

GOMORI :

'Meel'? What did you say?

MILA/CHARLEY

Mm? Charley... My name's Charlotte Pollard. I travel at the Doctor's side. That's all I know. I escaped...

(FX: FAINT ECHOING OF THE FLASHBACK SCENE FROM 'PATIENT ZERO')

MILA/CHARLEY

Red lights and white lights inside my head. Red and white like the Sazou. And then...

(FX: QUICK FLASH OF 'PATIENT ZERO' FLASHBACK)

MILA/CHARLEY

And then I found the Doctor... it's hard to explain... and we travel the Universe, visiting different times and other worlds where Heaven isn't a place in the sky, made of paper.

(FX: THE TARDIS HUM GETTING SLOWLY BUILDING)

MILA/CHARLEY

Charley the Adventuress, that's me. (FALTERING) The explorer and voyager...

GOMORI

(MYSTIFIED) But it's just white walls, cratered like a machine moon...

MILA/CHARLEY

The TARDIS... nothing else... no... 'me'.

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. TARDIS HUM CUTS)

TOMBKEEPER

What are you doing in here?

GOMORI

Holiness!

(FX: SHE STEPS INSIDE)

TOMBKEEPER

This shrine is inviolable. Your presence defiles its sanctity.

MILA/CHARLEY

It didn't say 'Private' on the door.

GOMORI

It was my mistake, Holiness. We took a wrong turn.

TOMBKEEPER

You are one of the vigilants. But this female is an alien. Her presence is unwelcome. She must be dealt with.

MILA/CHARLEY

Tell that to the Doctor.

(FX: BEAT. PAPER STARTS FOLDING)

TOMBKEEPER

What's happening?

GOMORI

The wall. The whole wall's folding down!

MILA/CHARLEY

It's him. It's the Warrior. The White one!

TOMBKEEPER

Get out of here!

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES HARD SHUT)

GOMORI

The door!

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY TUGS AT THE DOOR)

MILA/CHARLEY

It won't budge!

TOMBKEEPER

It's been locked! System, open the door!

MILA/CHARLEY

It's jammed!

TOMBKEEPER

System!

(FX: THE FOLDING SAZOU GIVES ITS DRY FLUTTERING CRY.
MILA/CHARLEY SHAKES THE DOOR)

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh no! Come on! Open up! Help! Help!

GOMORI

What's that thing staring at me for? You can't look at me! You ain't even got eyes!

MILA/CHARLEY

Never mind that, Gomori... Help me with the door!

TOMBKEEPER

Stand down! Withdraw now! I demand it!

(FX: THE SAZOU FLUTTERS ITS CRY AGAIN)

GOMORI

That thing means business. Look out!

(FX: THE SAZOU SWORD SWISHES BACK AND FORTH. MILA/CHARLEY YELPS)

GOMORI

Get away from me!

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY BANGS ON THE DOOR FRAME.
THE SAZOU SWISHING CONTINUES.)

MILA/CHARLEY

Let us out of here!

(FX: GOMORI HEFTS UP A TABLE)

GOMORI

Let's see how he likes a ceremonial table in his face!

TOMBKEEPER

The shrine! The must not damage— !

(FX: GOMORI THROWS THE TABLE. IT CRASHES DOWN. THE SAZOU CRIES OUT. ITS SWORD SWISHES AGAIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

Nothing stops it! (BANGS ON DOOR AGAIN) Let us out! Help!

(FX: THE SWORD SLASHES NEARER AND NEARER)

GOMORI

Keep away from it. Charley!

(FX: THE SCREEN DOOR BESIDE MILA/CHARLEY SLICES FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. SHE GASPS. THE WHITE SAZOU STOPS SWISHING)

MILA/CHARLEY

Something's outside. Another one!

(FX: THE RED SAZOU FORCES THROUGH THE RENT, HISSING IN A FLUTTERY WAY)

GOMORI

It's the Red one!

(FX: THE WHITE SAZOU CRIES BACK. BEAT)

MILA/CHARLEY

Now what?

GOMORI

They bow to each other... and start their combat.

CHARLEY

Very civilized.

(FX: AND THEN THE WARRIORS FALL UPON EACH OTHER WITH SAVAGE, PAPERY CRIES, FIGHTING FURIOUSLY. PAPER FLAPS AND TEARS)

DOCTOR

(ARRIVING) Charley! Holiness! This way out! Quickly!

MILA/CHARLEY

(STARTLED) Doctor!

DOCTOR

Come on, Holiness. Give me your hand. That's it.

TOMBKEEPER

(EFFORT OF PUSHING THROUGH THE TORN WALL) The door was locked against us. The System failed again.

DOCTOR

That's getting to be a habit round here. Charley, let me...

CHARLEY CLIMBS THROUGH THE TORN WALL, JOINING THE DOCTOR.

MILA/CHARLEY

Thanks.

DOCTOR

Gomori?

(FX: THE SAZOU BATTLE CONTINUES)

GOMORI

(EXCITED) They're cutting each other to shreds! There'll be nothing left. (LAUGHS) Go on then. Finish each other off!

DOCTOR

Gomori! Come out of there now.

VOCAL NOISES FROM GOMORI AS HE CLAMBERS THROUGH.

TOMBKEEPER

Who released the Red Sazou from the Treasury?

DOCTOR

The Captain and I took the liberty. It's called fighting fire with fire.

GOMORI

That White one was staring at me. If you hadn't arrived...

TOMBKEEPER

It would not have harmed me.

MILA/CHARLEY

I bet it wouldn't.

TOMBKEEPER

Where is the Soldier? And more importantly, where is his Highness the Prince?

43. ANTECHAMBER

PRINCE

I remember you. You were once a Captain in the Emperor's bodyguard.

SOLDIER

Yes, Highness.

PRINCE

And your father before you... but now you are a masterless soldier of fortune. How can that be?

SOLDIER

My master is dead, Highness.

PRINCE

You were banished - who knows why. Yet you still answered his summons.

SOLDIER

I still honour him.

PRINCE

What's honour to do with it? My father also summoned the Doctor, the serpent, who poisoned the Empire.... What does that tell us?

SOLDIER

Sir?

PRINCE

You are a dog. You run this way or that as ordered. In three days time, soldier, I'll be enthroned as Emperor and the stale old world will be burned away for ever. That's when we begin again. But first, there's work to do. Wheels must be turned, my position must be strengthened. Obstacles must be removed. After which, rewards will be great. Will you play a part in that... Captain?

SOLDIER

Once honour's gone, Highness, it's never bought back. But me? I'm cheap at the price. When do I start?

44. ANOTHER ANTECHAMBER

(FX: THE DOCTOR TRYING ON HIS ROBES)

DOCTOR

Well? What do you think?

MILA/CHARLEY

They're a bit *green*.

DOCTOR

I know. Green silk and bronze shoulder-plates are so last dynasty.

MILA/CHARLEY

As long as your knees hold out.

DOCTOR

Dynastically speaking, my knees are even older. Three days though... that might be tough going. I fancy I might snooze a little.

MILA/CHARLEY

With your eyes open, I'd suggest.

DOCTOR

Passive wakefulness. It's a trick I learned from a Sobekian shaman. But he was reptilian and it came naturally to him.

(FX: DISTANT GONG SOUNDS)

MILA/CHARLEY

That time already?

DOCTOR

Remember what I said: keep calm, keep quiet...

MILA/CHARLEY

And keep my eyes open. Right.

DOCTOR

At least you can move about a bit. Here's the TARDIS key. For emergencies only.

(FX: THE GONG. THE DOUBLE DRUMBEAT STARTS UP)

MILA/CHARLEY

Somebody's impatient.

DOCTOR

We'd better put in an appearance. Don't want to be last in line.

(FX; CEREMONIAL MARCH FROM PART 2 STARTS AGAIN, LEADING US INTO THE NEXT SCENE)

45. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(FX: THE MARCH LEADS US IN)

TOMBKEEPER

(CALLING FROM THE DRACONIAN EQUIVALENT OF THE PULPIT) Take up your places before the Emperor's throne!

DOCTOR

(SOTTO) Well, here we are, Charley. Wish me luck - quietly as you can.

MILA/CHARLEY

Do I get to stay?

DOCTOR

I doubt it. You're already only here under sufferance. In case I threaten to walk out.

MILA/CHARLEY

Good luck, Doctor. Good luck... "Gomori." Your Highness. (FROSTY BEAT) Where's the Captain?

TOMBKEEPER

The Highest, the Lowest, the Bravest and the Wisest... (BEAT) Where is the Wisest?

DOCTOR

Erm, well... I was assuming that was me.

TOMBKEEPER

Where is the Soldier?

DOCTOR

Oh, well. If you say so. Does that mean I'm the Bravest?

TOMBKEEPER

The vigil cannot proceed until he is present.

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Should I go and look?

TOMBKEEPER

Silence! Doubtless he will present himself.

(BEAT)

MILA/CHARLEY

The Prince looks smug.

DOCTOR

Hmm?

MILA/CHARLEY

Like someone who's already won. Do you think he knows what's in the decree?

DOCTOR

Gomori? Are you alright? You look a little...

MILA/CHARLEY

Green?

DOCTOR

Charlotte!

GOMORI

It's not funny. I don't wear clothes like this. They feel all wrong.

MILA/CHARLEY

Sorry.

TOMBKEEPER

I shall fetch the Soldier myself. The rest of you remain here.

(FX: SHE SWEEPS OUT)

PRINCE

Will this ordeal ever begin?

DOCTOR

(MOVING AWAY) You're eager to start, Highness. Where's our friend, the Captain, do you think?

PRINCE

Why ask me? I cannot account for him.

GOMORI

(EMBARRASSED SOTTO) Charlotte, what are you doing? Charlotte!

MILA/CHARLEY

I just want to take a peek at the decree, that's all. Try and keep the others occupied.

GOMORI

Be careful.

MILA/CHARLEY

Won't take a second.

GOMORI

She'd have you flayed for less.

MILA/CHARLEY

Then keep clear.

(FX: THE EMPEROR'S CORPSE GROANS HORRIBLY. HE SNATCHES AT MILA/CHARLEY)

MILA/CHARLEY

Agh! My wrist! Let go!

DOCTOR

Charley!

(FX: EMPEROR GROANS AGAIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

Let go of me!

PRINCE

(TERRIFIED) He's not dead. My father's not dead!

46. THE TOMBS

(FX: A WIND MOANS AND IN IT ARE THE WORDLESS VOICES OF ALL THE AGED EMPERORS, GROANING AND DEATH RATTLING AWAY)

47. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

MILA/CHARLEY

(STRUGGLING) Get him off me!

(FX: THE EMPEROR GROANS)

DOCTOR

Hold still, Charley. Come on, old chap. Let go.

(FX: EMPEROR GROANS AGAIN. FROM THE WALL COME THE STROKES OF A GREAT PEN)

PRINCE

Shut him up! Shut him up!!

GOMORI

Look at the wall! The writing!

DOCTOR

These are his thoughts.

MILA/CHARLEY

Please. My arm...

GOMORI

What's it say? (READING) 'She... is... lying.' Who's she?

TOMBKEEPER

(RE-ENTERING) Stand away from the throne!

(FX: ANOTHER IMPERIAL GROAN)

PRINCE

The Emperor's still alive! My father is—

TOMBKEEPER

Let me deal with that. Stand aside.

(SHE STRUGGLES WITH THE HAND) Hear me! Let her go! Let her go!!

(FX: FINGERS CRACK. MILA/CHARLEY GASPS. EMPEROR GROANS)

That's better. Learn your place. You answer to me now.

DOCTOR

Charley, are you hurt?

GOMORI

Of course she's hurt.

MILA/CHARLEY

Yes. I am.

PRINCE

My father is still alive.

TOMBKEEPER

He is deathless. It's the way of all Emperors. Even him.

PRINCE

All of them? In all their tombs?

TOMBKEEPER

My son, I warned you there were secrets, secrets the Priests have guarded for a thousand years. The Emperors cannot be lost. Their wisdom cannot be lost.

DOCTOR

So you keep them alive? In their tombs in Imperial Heaven?

PRINCE

Will that be my fate too?

TOMBKEEPER

Oh my boy, my hatchling, you will restore the Empire that your father lost.

PRINCE

How do you do it? How do you stop them from dying?

GOMORI

This is horrible. I'm not staying here. They said there'd be ghouls.

(FX: HE GOES)

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori... Jumm!

DOCTOR

You 'embalm' your Emperors alive.

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, no. That smell. When we arrived, you thought it was embalming fluid.

TOMBKEEPER

So now you all know.

DOCTOR

All of us apart from the missing Captain.

TOMBKEEPER

We have to preserve them. Their wisdom cannot be lost. They are kept to be consulted.

MILA/CHARLEY

It's repulsive. How can anyone be made to live forever? Trapped alive forever? They'd go mad.

DOCTOR

They do have things to occupy them.

TOMBKEEPER

Of course, they do.

DOCTOR

The paper walls pick up memories and paint them alive.

TOMBKEEPER

Oh, yes.

DOCTOR

They play games. That's why each Emperor has a half set of Sazou pieces in his tomb. They play against each other across eternity.

PRINCE

Is that what you've planned for me?

MILA/CHARLEY

But they shouldn't be attacking the living.

DOCTOR

Forget your vigil. Let's see what's in that decree.

(FX: EMPEROR GROANS AND GRABS THE DOCTOR'S ARM.
THE DOCTOR CRIES OUT)

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor!

DOCTOR

(IN PAIN) It's alright. Let go of my arm, old chap. Let go!

MILA/CHARLEY

The wall. It's writing again! "Doctor..."

(TOMBKEEPER LAUGHS)

DOCTOR

'Doctor... Your... life... at... my... command!□'

(FX: GOMORI DASHES BACK IN)

GOMORI

They're coming!

TOMBKEEPER

What now?

GOMORI

From the window, I saw them. Coming from the other tombs! A shoal of White phantoms flying this way!

PRINCE

The walls are sealed. They can't get in.

MILA/CHARLEY

One got in. What's to stop the others?

DOCTOR

But don't forget, we have an army of our own.

GOMORI

The Red Sazou! In the Treasury.

DOCTOR

Quickly!

48. TREASURY

FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. DOCTOR, MILA/CHARLEY, GOMORI STUMBLE IN)

DOCTOR

All we do is move them out. They'll do the rest▯...

MILA/CHARLEY

Where are they? They've gone.

GOMORI

The Red Sazou. They've been cut to shreds.

MILA/CHARLEY

But who▯ would do that?

SOLDIER

(POSSIBLY DRUNK) Doctor?

DOCTOR

Catch him.

(MILA/CHARLEY GASPS AS HE FALLS.)

GOMORI

I've got him.

DOCTOR

Captain? What have you done?

SOLDIER

Orders complete▯... I sliced up every last one of them.

DOCTOR

And now we have no defence at all.

END OF PART 3.

PART 4

49. THE TOMBS

(FX: THE WORDLESS VOICES OF AGED EMPERORS MOAN IN THE WIND,
MIXING WITH THE DRY PAPERY CRIES OF APPROACHING SAZOU)

50. Emperor's Tomb

(FX: THE DOCTOR, MILA/CHARLEY, GOMORI AND THE SOLDIER DASH OUT OF THE TREASURY. THE TOMBKEEPER AND PRINCE ARE WAITING)

DOCTOR

(URGENT) Gomori, close the door. Keep the Treasury shut. Barricade it if necessary.

(FX: GOMORI SLIDES THE DOOR SHUT)

TOMBKEEPER

What's happening?

MILA/CHARLEY

Come on, Captain. Sit down over here.

GOMORI

He's only torn up our main line of defence.

DOCTOR

He's destroyed the Emperor's set of gamepieces. If the White Sazou attack, we'll have nothing left to counter them.

GOMORI

They're already here.

TOMBKEEPER

The tomb is sealed. They cannot break in.

SOLDIER

(LAUGHING) Mission completed, Holiness.

TOMBKEEPER

On whose orders?

DOCTOR

The highest bidder, I'm sure.

SOLDIER

Well, what's a little lost honour, when you've already sold our soul?

PRINCE

He was following my orders.

TOMBKEEPER

You?

DOCTOR

Well, there's a surprise.

PRINCE

My father tried to kill me with those things.

DOCTOR

Not exactly true.

PRINCE

So I ordered them destroyed! It is my first act as Emperor.

TOMBKEEPER

You are not Emperor yet.

PRINCE

Aren't I? I'm taking control, Mother. Isn't that what you and your unholy army of Priests want?

DOCTOR

(SOTTO) Charley, you and Gomori sound out where the White Sazou are.

GOMORI

Surprised they're not attacking already.

SOLDIER

They still have to get inside. I'll join you.

MILA/CHARLEY

(HISSED) Go with him?

DOCTOR

Yes. Be careful.

MILA/CHARLEY

Thanks.

(FX: THEY GO)

TOMBKEEPER

These matters must be settled by the correct ritual.

PRINCE

Did the White Emperor, the First Emperor, ever stand on ceremony?

TOMBKEEPER

You can always ask him.

PRINCE

He seized power on the battlefield, not crouched in some

shrine! I'm sick of waiting. Let's see what my father's decree has to say.

TOMBKEEPER

Leave that alone! Leave it!

PRINCE

Then you read it, Mother. Since you put it there.

DOCTOR

Tell you what. Why don't I read it? (TWEAKING IT AWAY) If I can just...

TOMBKEEPER

Don't touch that!

(FX: THE EMPEROR GROANS)

DOCTOR

There... got it. Sorry, old chap... Now then...

(FX: HE UNROLLS THE SCROLL)

DOCTOR

Well, what a surprise. Does this look right to you?

PRINCE

Give me that.

DOCTOR

Uh, uh, uh... (BEAT) well... according to this unsealed, scrawled and rather smudged document...

TOMBKEEPER

Get on with it!

DOCTOR

...you are the next Emperor. Congratulations, your Majesty...

51. ANTECHAMBER

MILA/CHARLEY

Where are they? Can you see them?

GOMORI

Can't see a thing out there.

MILA/CHARLEY

Perhaps they've gone.

SOLDIER

No. Along there. On the tomb's portico.

MILA/CHARLEY

(STRAINING) Oh, no. All clustered together. What are they doing?

GOMORI

Trying to force a way in?

MILA/CHARLEY

But they've folded themselves wide... like a giant tent.

SOLDIER

To seal in the ones underneath. They're cutting a way through.

MILA/CHARLEY

But the tomb's meant to be sealed.

GOMORI

They can't cut through the outer walls, can they?

SOLDIER

If they're made of fractal paper, they can slice atoms apart. Even the forcewalls holding this place together.

(FX: WHUMPF OF AIR PRESSURE)

MILA/CHARLEY

Ow. My ears just popped.

GOMORI

Mine too.

SOLDIER

Air pressure. It means they've found a way in

52. Emperor's CHAMBER

TOMBKEEPER

(LAUGHING) My son is Emperor. Praise the stars. Oh, your father led us a dance on this one.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR

(TO PRINCE) Your Majesty?

PRINCE

It's a lie.

TOMBKEEPER

What?

DOCTOR

No, no. It definitely says it here. 'I bequeath the throne of Imperial Draconia to my first-hatched son.' You see?

PRINCE

Give me that. (SNATCHES THE SCROLL) You planted this, Mother.

TOMBKEEPER

Don't be absurd.

PRINCE

Where's the real one? I'd rather seize power from a rival than be enthroned as your puppet!

DOCTOR

Oh, dear. Some people are never satisfied, are they?

(FX: A GONG SOUNDS THREE TIMES)

TOMBKEEPER

(AFTER FIRST GONG) What's that?

(FX: THE WALLS SHUDDER. THE EMPEROR GROANS)

PRINCE

The walls.

(FX: STROKES OF AN INVISIBLE PEN WRITE ON THE PAPER)

TOMBKEEPER

More writing...

DOCTOR

"To the Red Emperor, the White Emperor greets you from his tomb..."

(FX: THE EMPEROR GROANS)

PRINCE

It's a challenge. (READING) *"I challenge the newcomer in Heaven..."*

TOMBKEEPER

What does he want?

DOCTOR

"...to match my forces... in a trial... of skill and strength..."

PRINCE

"...for the life of the great enemy of Draconia... (LAUGHS) the Doctor."

DOCTOR

He's never even met me.

PRINCE

(MOCKING) The tomb is sealed, Doctor. You're safe... for the moment.

TOMBKEEPER

Not quite safe, as I recall. One section, the Starward Vaults, wouldn't close.

PRINCE

Of course. Something was fouling the wall tracks. *His* ship.

DOCTOR

Ah...

TOMBKEEPER

And if the attacking forces find that vulnerable point...

(FX: A DIFFERENT GONG SOUNDS. MORE WRITING ON THE WALL)

PRINCE

More writing. *"The Red Emperor... accepts your challenge."*

(FX: DEEPER GONG SOUNDS ACCEPTANCE. THE EMPEROR WHEEZES WITH WHAT COULD BE LAUGHTER)

DOCTOR

You old fool! Are you mad? You've nothing to fight them with!

PRINCE

"May the lesser Emperor be vanquished.□"

54. PASSAGEWAY

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY, GOMORI AND THE SOLDIER APPROACH)

GOMORI

This is it. The Sazou must be on the other side.

SOLDIER

(TAPPING THE WALLS) They must have found a weak point. Look through here. The tomb wall hasn't sealed itself properly. It might as well be wide open to space.

GOMORI

That'll please the grave robbers.

SOLDIER

Only the forcewalls are holding it together.

FOOTSTEPS AS GOMORI MOVES TOWARDS THE TARDIS.

GOMORI

Here's what's jamming it. This hulking great thing. What a clever place to leave it.

MILA/CHARLEY

It's the TARDIS.

GOMORI

The what?

MILA/CHARLEY

It belongs to the Doctor.

SOLDIER

If he owns it, he should move it.

MILA/CHARLEY

Easier said than done.

(FX: SOMETHING SCRAPES - A BLADE NEEDLING THROUGH A SOLID FORCEWALL)

GOMORI

What's that noise?

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh no. Up there. It's the Sazou. Just the tip of a blade so far, but-No, don't touch!

(FX: BLADE SCRAPES)

GOMORI

Ow... that's sharp.

MILA/CHARLEY

They're going to get in, aren't they?

SOLDIER

It'll take a while to slice through. As long as the forcewalls hold.

(FX: THE SCRAPING BECOMES A CRACKING, GROWING LOUDER)

MILA/CHARLEY

You spoke too soon.

GOMORI

We've got to get out of here!

SOLDIER

Come on, move!

(FX: MILA/CHARLEY STRUGGLES WITH THE DOOR)

MILA/CHARLEY

Argh, the door's jammed!

(FX: DRY PAPERY CRY OF THE FIRST SAZOU AS IT BREAKS THROUGH.)

MILA/CHARLEY

Give me your sword!

GOMORI

You can't fight them all!

MILA/CHARLEY

No, to slash through the door, you idiot!

SOLDIER

I'll do it.

(FX: HE SLASHES THE PAPER OF THE DOOR SCREEN)

GOMORI

Go through, Charlotte. Go on!

VOCAL EFFORT AS MILA/CHARLEY PUSHES OUT.

A SAZOU CALLS, THE SECOND NEIGHS.

PAPER FOLDS AS THEY PUSH THROUGH, ESCAPING.

MILA/CHARLEY

(CALLING BACK) Captain! Come on, you can't stay in—!

SOLDIER

Right. Who's first? The Warcharger? The Macebearer?

GOMORI

(CALLING BACK) Captain! Don't take them on! Not now!

CAPTAIN

They're bowing. I can't retreat. I can't lose face, not in front of the enemy.

MILA/CHARLEY

Just call it a tactical withdrawal and come on! Back to the Doctor!

(FX: MORE FLUTTERY SAZOU CRIES: NEIGHING, BULL SNORT,)

SOLDIER

Who am I fooling? These are fighters. Go on you two. I'm right behind you.

NO SCENES 55 OR 56.

57. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(THE DOCTOR AT THE FOOT OF THE EMPEROR'S THRONE)

DOCTOR

You know, your Majesty, accepting that challenge was nothing short of malicious. You and your sense of humour. But we've no army to defend us. We can't hope to win.

(FX: THE EMPEROR GROANS)

What is this device they've enthroned you in anyway?

(FX: HE CLICKS OPENS A PANEL. INSIDE MACHINERY HUMS AND PULSES. HE POKES ABOUT)

Let's see. Oh, very cosy. Plasma pump, neural stimulator, respirator. Do you actually do anything for yourself anymore?

(FX: THE HUM INCREASES. A CRACK OF ELECTRICITY)

Ouch! Temper! This nasty lash-up isn't just keeping you alive, is it? It slows your metabolism to a virtual standstill. You're ticking over forever and ever; trapped in some living lying-in-state hell...

(CONTINUES IN NEXT SCENE)

58. TOMBKEEPER'S INNER SANCTUM

(THE TOMBKEEPER LISTENING IN)

DOCTOR

(OVER SPEAKERS) ...always on call for consultation by that sanctimonious Priesthood of yours.

TOMBKEEPER

Sons of Heaven, do you hear this? This is He. The unholy serpent who laid Draconia's ruin.

DOCTOR

(OVER SPEAKERS) (SIGH) I'm sorry, old friend. You made me an honoured Noble of your court - my life at your command, etcetera, etcetera - but you didn't do the wrong thing, you know. You had to save the world, whatever they say.

(FX: THE WIND WITH THE MOANING EMPERORS)

TOMBKEEPER

It is the Doctor. Returned to threaten our order once again. He's in your grasp. Exact our revenge!

59. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(AS SCENE 57)

(FX: THE EMPEROR GROANS)

DOCTOR

(VERY GRAVE) Majesty, there's one thing I must ask.
Were you dying already? Or did the Priests impose this on you
without your consent?

And now you're up here, interred in Imperial Heaven, do you
want to continue? Could you bear that? Being eternally
Deathless?

Or would you rather... ? (STOPS HIMSELF)

Well, you tell me.

But please, please don't make me choose for you.

(FX: THE WRITING STARTS AGAIN)

(HALF AMUSED) You want to win the match. (RELIEF) Do you know?
I'm really glad you said that.

(FX: WHITE EMPEROR'S GONG. MORE WRITING)

What's this? "*White Sazou to Red Emperor's Tomb. Move
completed.*" So... the game has begun. And it's our move.

60. Tombkeeper's SANCTUM

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN, SOLDIER, MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI RUSH IN.)

SOLDIER

(URGENT) Your Highness▯... Holiness▯... your pardon. The White Sazou have broken into the tomb!

PRINCE

Is it an attack on me as well?

TOMBKEEPER

No, my son. Not on you. They've come for Him.

MILA/CHARLEY

They're right behind us!

GOMORI

We couldn't stop them!

SOLDIER

Highness, find somewhere safe. The Emperor's Chamber - that has solid walls.

TOMBKEEPER

What nonsense. This is a game. No more than that. The Sazou are no threat to us.

MILA/CHARLEY

Where's the Doctor?

TOMBKEEPER

He's with the Emperor, paying his respects. (CALLING) Come back here!

MILA/CHARLEY

(DEPARTING) I have to warn him!

SHE RUNS OFF.

SOLDIER

Highness, you must remove to a place of safety.

PRINCE

Absolutely. Captain, you will fly me in your ship back to Draconia.

TOMBKEEPER

No, not yet. We must preserve the appearance of normality.

PRINCE

Three more days? While we're defenceless against those...
playthings?!

TOMBKEEPER

They are no threat.

(FX: DISTANT, BLOOD-CURDLING CRY OF THE SAZOU)

PRINCE

No threat? Does that sound like 'no threat'?!?

(FX: THE PAPER WALL TEARS OPEN. A SAZOU PUSHES FORWARD
ULLULATING, MENACING.)

SOLDIER

Quickly!

TOMBKEEPER

The Emperor's chamber!

61. Emperor's CHAMBER

DOCTOR

How many?

MILA/CHARLEY

A dozen at least. All sorts. White versions of the Red Sazou in the Treasury.

DOCTOR

And were they aggressive?

MILA/CHARLEY

The Sazou? Isn't that the point?

DOCTOR

The minds that drive them are aggressive. The ancient Deathless Emperors of Draconia, trapped forever in their tombs, playing deadly games. Especially the First, the White Emperor, the most powerful and savage of all.

(FX: DISTANT SAZOU CRY)

DOCTOR

They want me, Charley. In revenge for what I did to their Empire.

(FX: THE DOOR CLATTERS AS THE SOLDIER, GOMORI, THE PRINCE AND TOMBKEEPER STAGGER IN. BEHIND THEM COME ANGRY SAZOU CRIES)

TOMBKEEPER

Shut the doors!

GOMORI

They're right behind us!!!

PRINCE

Set up a barricade! Hurry!

FX: THEY ARE PUSHING TRUNKS, CHAIRS AGAINST THE DOORS.

SOLDIER

(HEFTING FURNITURE) Here, this one!

GOMORI

And this.

MILA/CHARLEY

It won't work. Those Warriors can cut through anything.

DOCTOR

It may buy us time.

GOMORI

That's it. Anything else?

TOMBKEEPER

What difference can this make? We know what the Sazou are really after. They want him! The Doctor! He who trickled poison into the heart of the weakling Red Emperor.

DOCTOR

Poison trickles. Emperor nods. Draconia crumbles. Serpent smiles.

(FX: GONG SOUNDS. THE WIND OF EMPERORS' MOANS. THE STROKES OF WRITING ON THE WALL BEGIN)

MILA/CHARLEY

The walls again... more writing.

GOMORI

What's it say? Me and words, we don't get on that well.

SOLDIER

It names the Doctor.

MILA/CHARLEY

Over and over.

DOCTOR

I thought it might do that.

(FX: THE WIND AND WRITING FADE)

DOCTOR

And what about you, Holiness? And your insidious regime of Priests, condemning fifteen wizened Emperors to eternity like a set of mouldering books on a forgotten shelf.

TOMBKEEPER

Be silent!

DOCTOR

And there'll be a sixteenth too when your son ascends the throne. He won't escape.

TOMBKEEPER

Silence!

DOCTOR

If he finds the lost decree of succession, of course.

PRINCE

You think I don't know her plans? But I'll change all that. In my reign, the Priests will answer to me!

DOCTOR

I expect that's what they all said.

(BEAT)

SOLDIER

It's too quiet out there.

GOMORI

There's fifty two different sorts of quiet□... so they say.

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor, there's a spyhole here□... in the door

DOCTOR

Well, take a look then.

MILA/CHARLEY

It's difficult. Hang on. They're right outside□... the Sazou□... waiting. The passage is full of them.

GOMORI

Let's have a look.

(MILA/CHARLEY SHIFTS TO LET GOMORI SEE)

MILA/CHARLEY

Why don't they attack? You'd think they'd attack by now.

DOCTOR

Because it's the Red Emperor's move.

GOMORI

That armour. There's one like a siege engine. Vicious looking.

MILA/CHARLEY

But he can't make a move. He doesn't have the pieces to play.

GOMORI

So why doesn't the game just stop?

MILA/CHARLEY

Exactly.

DOCTOR

An interesting conjecture.

SOLDIER

Regrettably, Doctor, it's in the rules. The player simply chooses a set of substitute warriors.

MILA/CHARLEY

Which means us, doesn't it?

DOCTOR

I wonder... Your Holiness?

TOMBKEEPER

What now?

DOCTOR

What powers the tombs?

TOMBKEEPER

Why? What are you planning?

PRINCE

There's a central power house. The Temple of the Spilling Sun at the heart of the Necropolis.

DOCTOR

Thank you, Highness. If we disrupt the power, the other Emperors' influence over the Sazou will be broken. Then perhaps we can reason with them.

TOMBKEEPER

Without power, all the Emperors will die.

GOMORI

Mightn't that be a good thing?

TOMBKEEPER

Keep such profanities to yourself, peasant. This predicament is easily resolved. Surrender the game. Hand the Doctor to the Emperors now.

MILA/CHARLEY

No!

PRINCE

The power house is out of your reach.

DOCTOR

Is it? Captain, is your ship ready to fly? Could you take me?

SOLDIER

We'd have to fight through the Sazou first.

PRINCE

Captain, your ship is taking me back to Draconia.

DOCTOR

And what will you do then?

PRINCE

I'll shoot the tombs out of the sky! Are you ready, Captain?

DOCTOR

Captain? We need your help.

(FX: PRINCE DRAWS HIS SWORD)

PRINCE

We'll soon deal with you.

(FX: SOLDIER DRAWS HIS SWORD)

SOLDIER

Stand away, Highness▯...

PRINCE

Lower your sword, soldier.

SOLDIER

My life▯'s already forfeit. I support the Doctor.

DOCTOR

Thank you, Captain.

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor▯... the Sazou.

DOCTOR

I know. We still have to get past them.

MILA/CHARLEY

That's fine. Because I know a way to draw them off.

62. PASSAGEWAY

(FX: SAZOU RUSTLE AND STIR. PAPER FOLDS. A BULL SNORTS. A HAWK SQUEALS)

63. Emperor's CHAMBER

DOCTOR

Charley, I still don't know what you're trying to prove.

MILA/CHARLEY

Isn't that what we do? The Doctor and Charley. Help other people?

GOMORI

All ready. Two bags full of shredded Red Sazou. Horrible wriggling stuff.

MILA/CHARLEY

The White hate the Red, yes? All we do is run like hell, scattering as we go. It's called a paper chase□...

DOCTOR

There's no stopping you, is there? Thank you, Charley.

PRINCE

(CALLING ACROSS ROOM) Have you sunk so low that you rely on a female to work for you?

MILA/CHARLEY

What does that make you then, mummy□fs boy?

GOMORI

Ready when you are.

MILA/CHARLEY

Ready. Open the door.

DOCTOR

Good luck, Charley.

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES BACK)

MILA/CHARLEY

Run!

(FX: THEY BELT OUTSIDE. A TUMULT OF PAPER FOLDING, HORSE NEIGHING, HAWK SQUEALING VANISHES AS THE DOOR CLOSES)

SOLDIER

Are they moving?

DOCTOR

One moment□... Yes. They're going. Straight off in a pack.

(FX: SCRAPE OF WALL WRITING)

SOLDIER

The wall again.

DOCTOR

"Red warriors to Starward vaults" Things are hotting up at last.

SOLDIER

"White Sazou to Starward vaults." We'd better move too.

(FX: THE DOCTOR EDGES THE DOOR A BIT)

DOCTOR

All clear. Come on, Captain.

(FX: OPENS THE DOOR)

PRINCE

Doctor, we wish you good fortune.

DOCTOR

(STARTLED) Erm... yes. Thank you, Prince.

PRINCE

We rely on you to save our Draconia from the chains of its past.

DOCTOR

(MYSTIFIED) We'll do our best.

SOLDIER

Doctor, come on.

DOCTOR

I'm right behind you.

(THE DOOR SHUTS. THEY WALK THE CORRIDOR)

DOCTOR

Strange.

SOLDIER

He has his mother's look. Not to be trusted.

DOCTOR

And his father's too. Come on. This way.

64. CORRIDOR

(FX: DISTANT RABBLE OF WHITE SAZOU. MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI STUMBLE TO A HALT, BREATHLESS)

MILA/CHARLEY

They're following.

GOMORI

Which way?

MILA/CHARLEY

This way. Away from the dock. Give the Doctor a free run. Throw more of the shreds.

(FX: APPROACHING HAWK SQUEAL)

GOMORI

As long as it's the shreds they're after, not us!

(FX: PAPER BURSTS. A BULL-BELLOWING SAZOU BURSTS THROUGH)

MILA/CHARLEY

Run!

No Scene 65.

66. Emperor's CHAMBER

TOMBKEEPER

Why are you siding with the Doctor?! You are no hatchling of mine! It's the past that made Draconia great. No true Emperor can deny that!

PRINCE

The past strangles me! You strangle me!

TOMBKEEPER

(CALLS ALOUD) Sons of Heaven! Hear me! You are under attack! The Doctor means to destroy you all!

(SHE CRIES OUT AS THE PRINCE GRABS HER)

PRINCE

I meant it, Mother. The Doctor may do us a service. He may rid us of the past forever!

67. CORRIDOR

(FX: DISTANT RABBLE OF WHITE SAZOU. MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI RUNNING, BREATHLESS)

MILA/CHARLEY

Along here!

GOMORI

They're gaining!

(FX: THEY SKID TO A HALT)

MILA/CHARLEY

It's a dead end.

GOMORI

We can cut through. (SCRABBLES FOR IT) Where's my knife? Where is it?!

(FX: PAPERY CRY OF A SAZOU)

MILA/CHARLEY

Too late. Look out!

GOMORI

I've no more shreds to throw!

MILA/CHARLEY

Me neither.

(FX: PAPER FOLDS. HAWK CRY. PAPER CRY)

MILA/CHARLEY

At least we gave the Doctor a chance.

(FX: HORSE NEIGH. PAPER FOLDS)

GOMORI

They bow to us. And I bow back. Goodbye, Charlotte. My friend.

(DOUBLE BEAT)

MILA/CHARLEY

No-one's moving... What is it?

(FX: PAPER FOLDS. THE SAZOU MOVE AWAY)

GOMORI

They're going. Something's happened. They're needed elsewhere.

MILA/CHARLEY

The Doctor!

(FX: DISTANT HAWK CRY)

68. DOCKING BAY AND JET

(FX: DISTANT HAWK CRY)

DOCTOR

I think they've caught our trail.

SOLDIER

Go on, Doctor. Through into the jet!

(FX: THEY HURRY ALONG THE BOARDING TUBE)

DOCTOR

It's only a one-seater.

SOLDIER

Then insinuate yourself behind me.

DOCTOR

(STRUGGLING) Easier said than done. Ow!

SOLDIER

And try to keep your feet off the controls.

(FX: PAPERY SAZOU CRY)

SOLDIER

Here they come. Door closing.

(FX: THE DOOR STARTS TO HUM CLOSED.)

DOCTOR

Any chance it could close a little faster... aaargh!

A CLUNK AS A WARRIOR HITS THE DOOR. PAPER FLAPS VICIOUSLY.
SAZOU CRIES.

DOCTOR

It's trying to get in!

THE DOOR GRINDS, TRYING TO SHUT.

DOCTOR

It won't close!

SOLDIER

(WITH GREAT EFFORT) Here, let me!!!

(FX: THE SOLDIER LUNGES AND THE PAPER TEARS.)

SOLDIER

(GASPS AS HIS HAND IS CUT BY THE PAPER) Aaargh!

THE SAZOU SQUEALS.

DOCTOR
Paper cut! Very nasty!

THE DOOR CLUNKS SHUT.

SAZOU'S SCREAMS ARE MUFFLED OUTSIDE. IT HAMMERS ON THE DOOR.

SOLDIER

(IN PAIN) Ugh... Disengaging.

FX: CLUNK. GUSH OF AIR.

SOLDIER

(IN PAIN) Engines firing!

THE ENGINES POWER AWAY.

SOLDIER

(IN PAIN) And we're clear.

DOCTOR

Where's the shred you tore off?

SOLDIER

(COVERING PAIN) Here. In my hand. Please open that waste chute.

DOCTOR

Of course. (STRETCHING) Ready?

(FX: CLUNKS OPEN LID. THE SOLDIER SLAMS HIS HAND INSIDE. THE DOCTOR SNAPS THE LID BACK)

SOLDIER

(SOME RELIEF) Got it.

DOCTOR

You've lost a finger□...

SOLDIER

Still four left. Where to?

DOCTOR

The Temple of the Spilling Sun. And step on it. We may have company.

69. Emperor's CHAMBER

PRINCE

(INCREASINGLY DERANGED) Look at him. The Red Emperor. Bound tight in sleep as his life drags into eternity.

TOMBKEEPER

He's still your father. Do him honour.

PRINCE

You say that? After you plotted and schemed as you shared his couch? And you'd do the same to me!

TOMBKEEPER

Come away from him.

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

MILA/CHARLEY

Is the Doctor gone? (FALTERS) Did he get away?

GOMORI

Forgive us, Highness, we are intruding on private business.

PRINCE

Who cares? Do you think she'll let you live after what you've seen?

GOMORI

Highness, I-

PRINCE

'Majesty' now. My new age begins here! A knife in the guts of the past!

(FX: HE OPENS THE THRONE'S SIDE PANEL. MACHINES HUM AND BUZZ)

TOMBKEEPER

Leave the Emperor. Don't touch that!

PRINCE

Why wait for the Doctor? I should have done this the moment I walked in here!

(FX: HE RIPS OUT THE INNARDS. CRACKLE BUZZ FLASH.

THE DEATHLESS RED EMPEROR CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

70. SOLDIER'S SHIP

(FX: SHIP IN FLIGHT)

DOCTOR

That'll be the Temple quay down there. How's your hand?

SOLDIER

Doctor, my true name was Captain Tegoya Azzuron...

DOCTOR

You're telling me this now?

SOLDIER

...first son of the Red Emperor's bodyguard. As a child, my father brought me to court to see the strange alien who was the Emperor's Councillor.

DOCTOR

An alien called 'the Doctor'.

SOLDIER

I feared him. I was three years old, but he was aged and kind. He gave me a golden disc.

DOCTOR

Yes, I remember. A gold sovereign with Charles I's head on it.

SOLDIER

The Doctor had great influence. When the Plague struck, he demanded the antidote be given to Commoners as well as Nobles.

DOCTOR

I like a good rumpus.

SOLDIER

After that, the Emperor believed it was fate, not divine right, that set him on the Throne.

DOCTOR

And you, Tegoya, became his bodyguard.

SOLDIER

Twelve years I was at his side... and then he banished me, cast me out into the Burnt Desert on pain of death. I never knew why.

DOCTOR

Until you received the summons here. Perhaps he had plans for you[□]... as a possible heir.

SOLDIER

Look! From the tombs, all around. Flights of Sazou.

DOCTOR

The Sazou armies of the other Emperors. All converging on the Temple to make us welcome.

71. Emperor's CHAMBER**PRINCE**

(BARKING MAD) Our first task is to secure our positions. All must swear allegiance to us. Do you swear allegiance, peasant?

GOMORI

Yes, Majesty[□]... I swear.

PRINCE

We'll make a Noble of you for that. Then we'll gather a taskforce and lead it to all the lost worlds of our Empire.

GOMORI

Yes... Majesty.

PRINCE

To Drovia, Pattares, Ayforria, Teng, ((CONTINUES UNDER) *Blue Thasca and Grey Thasca, Tsimdu, The Worlds of the Dark Cluster, Allaveng 3, 4, and 7, Drydust and the Sable Belt*^{□ c})

MILA/CHARLEY

Your holiness? The walls, they're running with blood.

TOMBKEEPER

My husband, the Emperor, is dead.

MILA/CHARLEY

Yes. I'm sorry.

TOMBKEEPER

It was a business agreement... to stay out of each other's affairs. That's how all alliances survive. But he had his own games to play. I think he cared more for the lost Empire than he cared for me.

MILA/CHARLEY

Your son needs help.

TOMBKEEPER

He's his father's son, not mine. Wheels are turning. It was I who set them off. They'll trample us all.

72. SOLDIER'S SHIP

(FX: SHIP POWERS DOWN)

SOLDIER

Engaging airlock.

(FX: CLUNK)

DOCTOR

Thank you, Tegoya.

SOLDIER

There's an army of Sazou out there. But I'll fight a way through for you.

DOCTOR

Not with your hand like that.

SOLDIER

It's hardly bleeding at all.

(FX: CLUNK ON THE HULL. THEN ANOTHER. AND MORE)

DOCTOR

They're getting eager. Or rather the masters who drive them are.

(FX: A BLADE SKEWERS INTO THE HULL AND SLICES DOWN THROUGH METAL)

SOLDIER

They're cutting through! (SHOUTS) Stop that! That's my ship you're carving up! Doctor, that metal isn't going to stop them!

(FX: THE METAL BUCKLES AS THE HULL IS BENT OPEN. SEVERAL SAZOUS' PAPERY CRIES)

(BEAT)

SOLDIER

Must be a hundred of them. Well, why are you waiting?

DOCTOR

I think they want us to join them. Shall we go?

73. TEMPLE HALL

(FX: AS DOCTOR AND SOLDIER EMERGE, THE SAZOU SHUFFLE AND FOLD BACK. MENACING FLUTTERING SOUNDS ALL AROUND.)

SOLDIER

(WARY) Do we run for it?

DOCTOR

(WARY) Not necessarily. They're lining up like a guard of honour.

SOLDIER

Or an execution detail.

DOCTOR

Only one way to go.

(FX: THEY WALK DOWN THE HALL. OCCASIONAL SAZOU MOVEMENT AND PAPERY VOCALIZATION.)

SOLDIER

Sazou every colour of the past. Every Deathless Emperor. The Gold, the Green, the Pearl Grey, Blood Purple, Dusk Blue. So old they've become legends.

DOCTOR

Only the White are missing.

(FX: HORSE NEIGHS. MASSIVE FOLDING MOVEMENT)

DOCTOR

Now they're bowing. Does that mean trouble?

SOLDIER

Here come the swords. (DRAWS HIS OWN) Get ready.

DOCTOR

No, wait... wait... (BEAT) It's a salute.

SOLDIER

Or a trap.

DOCTOR

Keep walking. That must be the generator ahead.

74. GENERATOR CHAMBER

(FX; HUGE DOORS SWING WIDE. THE GENERATOR SINGS A PURE NOTE OF ENERGY. DOCTOR AND SOLDIER ENTER. RESONANT)

DOCTOR

There it is. The power source like a sun in a bottle. One single stemmed bloom in an elegant vase. You Draconians are always so simple and stylish.

SOLDIER

And shrines for each Emperor.

DOCTOR

Except... only fourteen are lit. Why isn't the Red shrine burning?

SOLDIER

Too soon perhaps? Doctor, don't go too close.

DOCTOR

And if I were to snuff out the sun?

(FX: THE MOANING WIND)

DOCTOR

Oh yes, I thought you'd all be listening. All you Emperors waiting for revenge because you think I wrecked your world. All of you, waiting to turn history back to Draconia's glory days. A new Empire of conquered worlds!

(FX: MOANING INCREASES)

DOCTOR

(SUDDEN DOUBT) Or is that not what you want? (INCREDULOUS) Do you want... release?

SOLDIER

Doctor?

DOCTOR

I'm a fool. I didn't think. I thought the threat of oblivion would be enough. How could I be so wrong? You want an end to your Deathless suffering. A *coup de gras*. But I can't do that.

(FX: WIND GUSTS IN RESPONSE.)

DOCTOR

Don't ask me to do that. I can't commit murder!

(FX: DISTANT SAZOU CRIES)

SOLDIER

The White Sazou! They followed us!

DOCTOR

Of course! It's only the White Emperor who wants revenge. And now he'll take it.

(FX: MORE SAZOU CRIES)

75. Emperor's CHAMBER

PRINCE

(TO HIMSELF) There's always a correct ritual. That's what the Priests say. Ask my mother. We have to propitiate our reign. Before we get back what we lost, the right blood must flow! Alien worlds call for alien blood▯...

GOMORI

Charley, keep away from him!

MILA/CHARLEY

Watch me go!

PRINCE

Oh, yes. Good thinking. Or it could be the blood of a Noble.

(FX: HE GRABS GOMORI)

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori!

PRINCE

What's a sacrifice if we don't lose something we value?

MILA/CHARLEY

Let him go!

PRINCE

We are the Emperor now! The Starry Black Emperor with the new sky! We'll bathe the heavens in blood and watch our new day dawn! Ugh! (HE GASPS. HE'S BEEN STABBED) Mother!

TOMBKEEPER

Die, you addled creature. Draconia has no future with you.

(HE FALLS)

MILA/CHARLEY

You just killed your own son!

TOMBKEEPER

The future was dead already.

76. GENERATOR CHAMBER

(FX: ADVANCING WHITE SAZOU BELLOW, NEIGHS, CRY AND SWISH)

SOLDIER

The White Sazou are advancing. Get behind me, Doctor. I can fight them off.

DOCTOR

The others are pulling back to let them through. Emperors! Is this the end you want?

(FX: MOANING WIND)

SOLDIER

They all fear the White. He was the first, the most respected. They all look to him for guidance—

DOCTOR

Don't let the White Emperor overrule you! There's only one of him!

(FX: AGGRESSIVE SAZOU CRY)

DOCTOR

Emperors! Don't just sit there! Deploy your forces!

(FX: AGGRESSIVE SAZOU CRY)

DOCTOR

Do you want dishonour for eternity? Do you even want *eternity?!?*

A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THEN...

SOLDIER

That's it. They're moving! The others are closing in!

(FX: SAZOU SNORT. OTHERS SNARL. THEN THEY ATTACK EACH OTHER. FULL SCALE BATTLE!)

SOLDIER

Oh, yes! They're slicing each other to bits!

DOCTOR

The White Emperor's outvoted!

SOLDIER

Doctor! The White Sazou like a siege engine. Nothing can stop that one!

(FX: PAPER BLADES SWISH-SWISH IN ROTATION. SLLLAAASSSH!)

DOCTOR

Captain! Keep clear of the Generator!

SOLDIER

(TO SAZOU) To reach the Doctor, you have to get past me!

(SWISH. PAPER CUT)

SOLDIER

AAArgh!

DOCTOR

Tegoya!

(SAZOU SNORTS)

SOLDIER

This one's mine! (A BATTLE CRY)

SAZOU BELLOWS.

DOCTOR

Captain, no! You're going to hit the generator!!!

THE GLASS GENERATOR SMASHES.

A HUGE BURST OF ENERGY.

DEATHLESS EMPERORS GASP AND MOAN IN THE WIND. A MAELSTROM OF SOUND.

SLOWLY, THE SOUND AND FURY DISSIPATE.

BEAT.

THE DOCTOR PICKS HIMSELF UP

DOCTOR

From Paper cuts to *papier maché*. Poor Captain. Noble to the end. I wonder if that's what you intended. Well, the power's down. Now what?

(A GHOSTLY EMPEROR LAUGHS)

Is someone there?

(PAPER FOLDS NEARBY)

Who's there?

(PAPER RUSHES AT HIM. HE GASPS AND STRUGGLES AS IT ENFOLDS HIM)

No! What are you doing? (SMOTHERED) Let me go!

77. EMPEROR'S CHAMBER

(SILENCE)

GOMORI

Charley? Are you hurt?

MILA/CHARLEY

The power's down. Anyone got a candle?

GOMORI

Do you think the Doctor got through?

MILA/CHARLEY

I don't know. He can't keep winning for ever.

(FX: CRACKLE OF LAMP LIGHTING)

MILA/CHARLEY

Oh, you found a lamp.

TOMBKEEPER

What are you smiling at, alien?

GOMORI

We meant no disrespect, Holiness.

TOMBKEEPER

The Doctor left the Empire in ruins before. Wasn't that enough?
The past, the future, all destroyed. My son, my husband..

MILA/CHARLEY

But you killed..

(THE RED EMPEROR CHOKES AND GASPS)

TOMBKEEPER

(SHOCKED) Husband?

GOMORI

The Emperor... he's alive!

MILA/CHARLEY

Alive? How can he be?

(FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

DOCTOR

He's not the only one.

MILA/CHARLEY

Doctor!

DOCTOR

Yes, here I am. Alive too. But I meant the other Emperors. How is he?

TOMBKEEPER

The Emperor... lives.

DOCTOR

I thought he might. May I just get past? To give him a quick check up.

HE BUSTLES THROUGH. STARTS EXAMINING EMPEROR. SOTTOS A LITTLE TO HIMSELF AS HE DOES SO.

MILA/CHARLEY

But how did you get back here?

DOCTOR

Hm? Oh, a passing Sazou, courtesy of the Dusk Blue Emperor, wrapped me up and flew me back. Times are changing for Draconia.

GOMORI

Where's the Captain?

DOCTOR

(PAUSES) He was a true Noble. He gave his life to save me and his world. I don't think I could have found a way to shut down that generator. That kind of courage is... humbling.

MILA/CHARLEY

But if the power's off, why is the Emperor still alive?

DOCTOR

That's what I'm just checking. Hm, yes, quite a healthy heart beat.

MILA/CHARLEY

You mean... none of the emperors were on the brink of death when the Priest's suspended them?

DOCTOR

It would seem so. Tell me, Holiness, how could you do this to your own husband, the father of your own son?

GOMORI

A son she happily murdered, you mean.

TOMBKEEPER

Silence, commoner!

DOCTOR

Oh, good grief.

MILA/CHARLEY

His mother stabbed him.

TOMBKEEPER

It was out of mercy. For his own honour.

DOCTOR

Or yours.

TOMBKEEPER

I have other sons!

DOCTOR

And none of them will be Emperor. Not now!

TOMBKEEPER

You will not interfere in the affairs of Draconia again, alien!
A new emperor will—

DOCTOR

Will have to wait!

(THE EMPEROR GASPS)

TOMBKEEPER

You have no right to—

DOCTOR

I have no right, no, but all fifteen Emperors of Draconia have rights. And at this precise moment, all of them are alive and very, very angry. *All fifteen of them!* Alive and waiting to be restored to power.

TOMBKEEPER

What? But... no! All of them?

DOCTOR

Oh yes! You wanted the past back so much, and now you've got it.

(THE RED EMPEROR AWAKENS)

DOCTOR

Hello, old chap. How are you feeling? Charley, see if you can

find some water.

TOMBKEEPER

(TURNING ON HIM) You old devil. Where's the decree? Who's your successor?

DOCTOR

The Emperor is very tired.

EMPEROR

(CROAK, BARELY A WHISPER) No... decree...

TOMBKEEPER

What? What do you mean? No decree!?!

DOCTOR

You hadn't written a decree, had you? You hadn't picked a successor. She packed you off to Heaven too fast. And the poor old Prefect died in vain. If she'd only waited.

EMPEROR

Captain Tegoya. My true son.

TOMBKEEPER

What!?!

EMPEROR

Tegoya Azzuron...

DOCTOR

Emperor... the Captain died. (EMPEROR GASPS) I'm sorry.

EMPEROR

Gomori the fisher-catcher then. The people's Emperor...

TOMBKEEPER

Gomori? This ruffian? This... Commoner?

GOMORI

But Majesty, I'm not even...

TOMBKEEPER

You picked that name out of the workers register!

EMPEROR

Or the Doctor... (STARTS TO LAUGH)

TOMBKEEPER

What!?!?

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) But Gomori's not Gomori. And as for you...

(FX: FADE IN ALL THE DODDERY EMPERORS COMPLAINING)

EMPERORS

Is any one paying attention? / What's happened? / Where are my servants? / How much longer must I endure this! etc...

TOMBKEEPER

What's that?

DOCTOR

It's all the restored Emperors in their tombs demanding your attention.

TOMBKEEPER

No! Doctor, you serpent! What have you done to us now?!

DOCTOR

So sorry. Wasn't that the honourable thing to do?

(RED EMPEROR LAUGHING. OTHER EMPERORS GRUMBLING)

MILA/CHARLEY

(SOTTO) Doctor? Time to beat a hasty retreat?

TOMBKEEPER

Majesties, you will be attended. Quiet. Please.

DOCTOR

(SOTTO) You could be right. Come on, Charlotte, (LEAVING) before our pasts catch up with us too!

GOMORI

What's gonna happen to me? Am I stuck here?

DOCTOR

Well, you can come with us, if you like? We can drop you off.

MILA/CHARLEY

(TAKEN ABACK) Oh...

DOCTOR

Come along!

(THE GRUMBLING CRESCENDOS)

TOMBKEEPER

This is impossible! Quiet! All of you! Silence! Do you hear me? Siiileence!

BUT HER WORDS ARE SWALLOWED UP IN THE CRESCENDO.

78. EMPEROR'S TOMB CORRIDOR.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. TARDIS DOOR UNLOCKED AND DOOR OPENED.

DOCTOR

(DISAPPEARING INSIDE) Come along you two!

DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

MILA/CHARLEY AND GOMORI'S FOOTSTEPS COME TO A HALT.

MILA/CHARLEY

Er... Gomori... Jumm, I mean.

GOMORI

Yeah? What's it like in—

MILA/CHARLEY

Well... that's the thing, Jumm. You see... Um, well, the Doctor is always asking people to come along with us. And, well, the truth is... (SHE STOPS, FEELING A BIT BAD ABOUT THIS)

GOMORI

What? What's the matter?

MILA/CHARLEY

He... he can't really steer the TARDIS very well.

GOMORI

Oh.

MILA/CHARLEY

It could take ages to get you home. And I'd hate to think of your poor wife and... and hatchlings... well, worrying about you.

GOMORI

Well, a little bit more worrying won't hurt them. And anyway, I've no idea how long I'll be kept up here, with all that emperor stuff going on. It's probably best if I come with you and the Doc—

MILA/CHARLEY

Gomori! The fact is, we may never get you home. And you wouldn't want that, would you? And anyway, it's... well, as you can see, it's a bit cramped in there.

GOMORI

Oh... yeah... Yeah, it looks it.

MILA/CHARLEY

The Doctor means well... but, well, it's probably best if it's

just him and me in there.

GOMORI

Oh. I see. Yes.

MILA/CHARLEY

You do understand, don't you?

GOMORI

(GLUM) Er... yeah. Yeah.

MILA/CHARLEY

I hope you don't mind. I mean... you've been really good to me. And... and maybe we'll pop back one day.

GOMORI

(BRIGHTENING) Do you think you might?

MILA/CHARLEY

We might. Anyway... bye, then!

SHE DASHES FOR THE TARDIS, OPENS AND SHUTS THE DOOR.

GOMORI

(QUIETLY) Bye.

79 INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

DOOR CLOSES AS MILA/CHARLEY ENTERS

CONTROLS BEING OPERATED.

DOCTOR

Oh... where's Gomori?

MILA/CHARLEY

Mm? Oh, he decided not to come with us after all.

DOCTOR

(OCCUPIED AT THE CONTROLS) Why was that, then?

MILA/CHARLEY

Misses his wife and kids.

DOCTOR

(DISTRACTED) Oh... oh, I see. Right, now then, Charlotte... I believe I was taking you to Earth, wasn't I?

MILA/CHARLEY

(PLEASED) Yes!

DOCTOR

Well...

MILA/CHARLEY

(FEELING GUILTY) What? What's the matter?

DOCTOR

How do you fancy going the long way round?

MILA/CHARLEY

(DELIGHTED) Doctor... I'd love that. I really would.

DOCTOR

Good.

CONTROLS OPERATE. TARDIS CLUNKS INTO ACTION. ENGINES SURGE.

Let's see what the universe has to offer, shall we?

AND AS THE TARDIS ENGINES BUILD UP...

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME.

THEN, AS THE THEME ENDS...

80. INT. VIYRAN SPACE SHIP.

THE REAL CHARLEY.

A STRANGE, TRICKLING ENERGY SOUND POWERS DOWN. A BLIP.

CHARLEY (FROM INSIDE HER GLASS COFFIN, WAKING)

Doctor? Doctor?

CUT TO SILENCE.